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Journal de Littérature – Théâtre,
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Andrews

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PROVE THEIR SISTERHOOD.

THE SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS PROVE THEIR SISTERHOOD

EACH AND ALL

A COMPANION TO

"THE SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS WHO LIVE ON THE ROUND BALL THAT FLOATS IN THE AIR," "TEN BOYS WHO LIVED ON THE ROAD FROM LONG AGO TO NOW," "GEOGRAPHICAL PLAYS," ETC.

BY

JANE ANDREWS

BOSTON, U.S.A.
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PROVE THEIR SISTERHOOD.

TO

MARGIE AND ANDREWS,

AND TO THE FOUR YOUNGEST MEMBERS OF MY SCHOOL,

DOSSIE, EDITH, DADIE, AND GEORGIE,

I DEDICATE

THIS LITTLE BOOK.

NOV 1 9 1936

CONTENTS.

PAGE

THE STORY OF AGOONACK, AND HER SAIL UPON THE ICE ISLAND 1

A LONG JOURNEY THROUGH A STRANGE LAND 26

WHAT WAS GEMILA DOING ALL THIS TIME? . 57

NEW WORK FOR PEN-SE AND LIN. 91

CAN THE LITTLE BROWN BABY DO ANY THING? . 120

CHRISTMAS-TIME AGAIN FOR LOUISE . . . 128

A PUPIL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF MISS ANDREWS' SCHOOL.

ONE of my greatest delights while a pupil at Miss Andrews' school — and I remember my attendance there as one long delight — was the coming of December 1st, her birthday and mine. It was her custom to celebrate the birthdays of her scholars by allowing them to select in part the lessons and exercises for the day, a joyful privilege which was of course shared by all, though the pride of planning with her the session of our double anniversary was mine alone. All the birthdays were occasions to remember, for the final hour was pretty sure to be given up to a story. "Story" was what we always called it, though it might, indeed, be story, play, or poem, or selection from either, or a chapter from an unfinished book of her own. When it was the latter she used always

to ask for our criticisms, which we were not at all afraid to give, though I never remember them as being anything other than enthusiastically favorable. But we appreciated the honor of being asked, and occasionally offered suggestions for further adventures of the "Seven Little Sisters," which were of too extravagant and thrilling a nature to be adopted.

Next to birthdays, the days which we most prized were the very stormy ones, when but few were present, for these, too, brought stories, geographical games, experiments, and other variations from the usual routine. There was an ardent rivalry between the pupils regarding these days, and few of us started for school on a tempestuous morning without reckoning mentally how many of our mates had timid parents who would be likely to keep them at home. Many a time, as I came panting up the stairs on a wild day in winter, have I glanced along the row of hat-pegs, triumphant if most of them were empty, disappointed if they held a row of dripping hoods and mufflers. Once, in a storm so furious that I had

remained over night at the house of a schoolmate, she and I started the next morning through drifts more than waist deep for school, where we were, naturally, the only pupils. She lived nearer than I, and struggled home again at noon, but Miss Andrews kept me over night, and I had the bliss of sleeping in the schoolroom itself, in a bed made up on two settees.

We were all too fond of school to lose more of it than could be helped. When Miss Andrews was called to Boston on business about her books she would leave us to keep school by ourselves, appointing a special scholar to the charge of each class. We wrote our report of the day on the blackboard for her to see when she got home, and we so felt the responsibility of being placed on honor that the day was more likely to be one of unusual good behavior than of disorder. Once, and once only, I was wilfully late to school. Learning on the way that the ice had broken up in the Merrimac and carried away a span of the bridge, I turned aside and ran down to see the sight. I re-

turned to school after having seen it, half an hour late, and very uncomfortable ; not that I feared either punishment or scolding, but some expression of disappointment, which I should mind more than either. But Miss Andrews was greatly interested in what I had seen, said she was glad I went, and assured the school that if she had known of it in time she would have taken the whole of us down to the river herself.

Indeed, she often called our attention to matters of local or national interest, and kept us as wide-awake and with as broad an outlook as possible. During a presidential year she explained to us the chief problems at issue between the two parties, and there were few of us who did not become in consequence very ardent young politicians. The excitement and suspense of the Tilden-Hayes contest and the novel expedient of the Electoral Commission roused the warmest interest in school, and I remember running a half mile bareheaded, and leaving my supper standing on the table, to tell the final news to another girl as interested as I.

These are very trifling incidents, but, indeed, all the school incidents that I recall are so, for the history of a perfect school, like that of a fortunate country, leaves little to relate. One thing which was characteristic is that when one day we begged Miss Andrews to give us a motto, we found it shortly afterwards on the wall, done very daintily in gold and blue, — the words which I am sure were the very best that could have been given to us, well-intentioned, careless, inconsiderate, exuberant youngsters that we were, — *Self-Control.*

But it is not possible to give much of an idea of a school where the central spring of everything was the personality of the teacher. Going to school to Miss Andrews was much more going to Miss Andrews than going to school; and far more valuable than anything she taught us, well and wisely as we were taught, was the contact with her sweet and strong and noble nature. I think I can say that the public opinion of that school was of a higher standard than that of any school or circle I have since encountered. However faulty,

mean, or childish the behavior of any of us, I do not think there was one who did not respect and admire what was good and fine, and often, if not always, aspire to it. A pupil of that school who left it with intelligence unawakened must have been dull indeed; a pupil who left it with no stirring of those finer guides to goodness, sympathy, and the sense of honor, must have been one in whom it was a task of little hope to try to rouse them.

ETHEL PARTON.

EACH AND ALL.

THE STORY OF AGOONACK,

AND HER SAIL UPON THE ICE ISLAND.

Do you remember Agoonack, the little Esquimau girl who lived through the long sunshine and the long darkness?

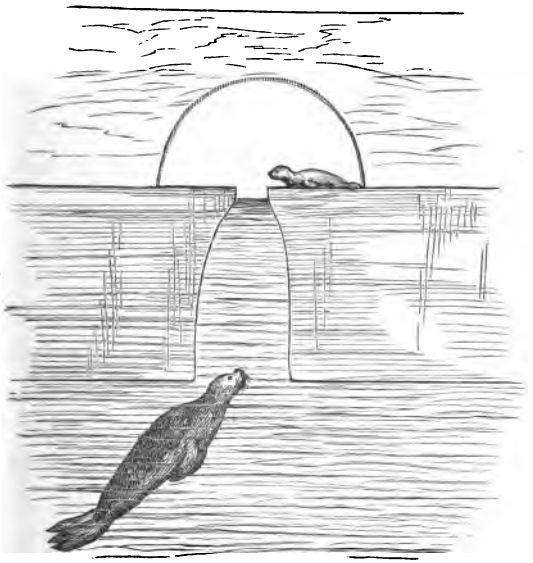
I have had news of her lately. Do you want to know what it is? Then come with me once more to the cold countries, and visit our old acquaintances, the seals and the bears, and the chubby little girl and her baby brother.

It is an April day. If we were at home, we should perhaps hear a bluebird sing. There would be swelling leaf-

buds on the lilac and the horse-chestnut trees, and little green tufts of grass pushing up here and there in sunny spots; and out in the pine woods I am sure we should find May-flowers. But in the far-away cold countries there are no such pleasant signs of spring; and yet there are some things that are very cheering to the people who live there. Best of all, there is the sun, that has come back again after the long night, and gives them now a short day, just a few hours long. Then Puseymut the seal, who knows that the spring is coming, has begun to build her curious house. And about these seal-houses I must tell you; for they are almost as curious and pretty as a bird's nest.

You know the seals live in the water. And here the water is all covered with ice, — ice as thick as you are tall, little Edith, and in some places very much thicker. And on the top of the ice there is deep, deep snow. Now, of what can the seal build her house?

Ah! you merry children who build snow-houses in winter know very well of what it is built. See, I will make



you a picture of it, and the mother seal swimming in the clear water just below. Here is the passage-way or entry, cut through the clear, hard ice. To make

that was difficult work for the mother seal; but she did it all herself. See what a little doorway leads into the pretty arched room above, — a room whose walls are of snow. It is shaped just like an Esquimau house. Indeed, I have sometimes thought that the Esquimaux learned of the seals how to make their houses. It is hardly big enough, you will say, for the mother seal to live in. No: she didn't build it for herself. She can swim about wherever she likes, come up to some little hole in the ice for an occasional breath of fresh air, creep out and sun herself if the day is warm; and, in short, she doesn't seem to need a house for herself.

For whom, then, is the little house? Georgie thinks it must be for her baby. And Georgie is right; for in that pretty round house lies a little white baby seal, with soft hazel eyes, and tiny little flippers hardly big enough to swim with as yet. And she lies there so snugly while

the mother goes away for food; and she gives a little call of welcome when she hears her coming up the ice-entry that leads to the door.

On this April day, Agoonack has on her bear-skin jumper and hood, and runs out on the snow beside her father, who carries his long spear in his hand. The sun is up, and sends level rays across the ice, and makes the little girl think of warmth, although, if she had a thermometer, she would see that it stands at −30°; and that is colder than you have ever known it to be. She trots briskly along beside her father, until with a sudden "Hush!" and touch of his hand on her shoulder, he stops the child in the shelter of a great iceberg, and, running swiftly forward, with a sudden jump he breaks through the snow-crust, and has come crashing down into the pretty seal igloë, and seized the baby seal. The poor little thing is so taken by surprise, that it can only utter a plaintive

cry, which the mother — swimming off in the clear water under the ice — hears instantly; and she hastens, as any mother would, to help her poor child.

Metek knows she will come: he is ready. Her smooth, round head, and mild eyes, have scarcely appeared above the ice, when she is struck by his spear, and drawn out through the hole. And now she will furnish meat for dinner, oil for the lamp, and boots for the men.

I think you wouldn't like to see all this: it would be too painful. But Agoonack is used to it; and she knows besides, that, if they catch no seals, they will have nothing to eat. And hunger is to her as painful as is death to this poor seal.

Do you remember where her father stopped her while he ran forward to the seal igloë?

It was in the shelter of an iceberg; wasn't it, Dossie?

Now, if he had known something

about the iceberg, I am sure he would never have left his little daughter there alone; indeed, I think he wouldn't have liked to stop there very long himself. Creep with me round to the other side of the berg, and up the slippery slope a little way. Here is a narrow opening in the ice. It is like the mouth of a little cave. Look in and see the beautiful clear blue ice-walls of this crystal room. If we had come an hour ago, I believe you would have been ready to turn and run quickly away, without stopping to see that this is Mother Bruin's nursery, and she and her two children were at play in it.

"But who is Mother Bruin?"

Why, don't you know? she is the great white bear; Nannook, as Agoonack calls her. And, although she would be a very surly creature if we should meet her on the ice, at home here in the crystal nursery she plays with the two cubs, rolls them over with her paw, pats them, and

cuddles and hugs them as tenderly in her rough way as your mother does you. And sometimes she takes them out sliding down the steep snow-hills, sitting on their hind-legs, and steering down, after a good coasting-place has been worn by their mamma. You see, they have their little family pleasures. I wish we might be friends with them; but, unfortunately, they know very well that Metek would rejoice to have their flesh for meat, and their warm, shaggy skins for clothes: so they return the compliment, and kill him if they can. And now you see why he wouldn't have left Agoonack there if he had known. But, fortunately for the child, Mamma Bruin had taken little Hugger and Growler out for a walk just at that time; and she did not return until the child and her father were safe at home, and drinking seal's-blood soup for supper.

They have company, too, at supper to-night; not that it is at all surpris-

ing for them to have company, for any hunter who has killed a seal never keeps it all to himself, but is always kind enough to invite his neighbors to share his feast. But to-night they have a rare and wonderful visitor: Kudlunah, Metek calls him; and, if we knew the Esquimau language, we should understand that this queer word means "white man."

Never has Agoonack or little Sipsu seen such a man. His cheeks are red, his eyes are bright, and he has a curly beard: his voice is very pleasant, and he can speak a few words of their own language. And out of his pockets come treasures such as the little ones have never dreamed of. The shy little girl can hardly look up, and say "Thank you," when he puts a string of bright beads round her neck; and her father grunts out his satisfaction over a knife, the best thing to cut with that he ever saw in his life.

But where did this white man come from? Ah, yes! that is the greatest wonder, after all; for he points far away to the south to show where his home is, and he says "oomiak" (ship), when they wonder how he came so far. To-night he will sleep in their hut; and to-morrow, if they will go with him, he will show them his great oomiak. And so, when the seal feast is finished, and the Kudlunah, as well as the rest, has drunk his bowl of seal-blood soup, they lie down together.

In the morning Metek goes with the stranger; but the others stay at home, doubting whether it can be perfectly safe to trust themselves in such company upon so short an acquaintance. But Agoonack thinks all day of the wonderful Kudlunah, and she plays with her pretty beads, and says over and over again softly to herself, "Koyenna, koyenna" (thanks, thanks). And she is the first one to see her father, far in the

distance, a black speck on the moonlit snow, as he trudges homeward with his hands full of presents, and his head full of strange and marvellous news.

You know it doesn't make much difference to the Esquimaux whether they sit up late or not, for the sunrise could hardly be called the beginning of day at any time of year; and, sleep as late as they might in the morning, nobody would cry, "What a shame that the sun should find you in bed!"

So this evening, even little Sipsu cuddles forgotten behind his mother, and listens with wide-open mouth and eyes to the story of the great oomiak, built all of wood,—wood which you remember is so precious in the Esquimau land,—and as big as a hundred kyaks. It is filled with pale-faced, shaggy-bearded Kudlunahs, plenty of knives, and, better than that, strange weapons, stronger than spears, for out of them flashes fire, and a seal will be struck dead with the terrible noise that follows that flash.

Oh, that was a marvellous story! Agoonack could hardly believe it; but she learned by and by to be very familiar with the guns and pistols, and very thankful for them too. You will see pretty soon how that came about; for before a week has passed, even the little girl herself has been on board the great oomiak, and tasted the Kudlunah's food, a ship-biscuit, as strange and unknown to her as seal's-blood soup to you. Think how funny it would be to taste for the first time bread or cracker!

The child's mother, too, is made very happy when she receives needles and thread (so much better than her bone needles and seal-sinews) and a good pair of scissors, as payment for the bag of eider-down that she gathered last summer when the ducks came to make their nests among the rocks. The exchange of these things as presents, or in trade, shows them that the white men and the Esquimaux can serve each other, and

awakens a very friendly feeling between them; and, when Metek kills a seal or a bear, the white captain is always welcome at the feast.

When two or three months have passed, the Kudlunahs are going away. They have only stopped for a little while to search along the rocky shores for traces of some lost friends of theirs who sailed that way many years ago; and, finding none here, they will push on through the icy seas, hoping for better success farther north.

One day just before they started, Metek was called down into the cabin of the ship to see the captain; and when he came up it was with a smile on his broad face, and a look of great importance which made him hold his head very high. What had the captain been saying to him?

"Metek," he said, "you are a good hunter. Will you go with us on this voyage to kill seals and walruses for us?

I will teach you to shoot, and give you a rifle; and you shall be paid with knives, guns, powder, and shot."

Then Metek answered, "I will go with the great captain, but I cannot leave my wife and children behind. How could they live alone? They cannot hunt: they would die of hunger."

Then the captain sat silent and thoughtful for a minute or two; and at last, seeing that what Metek had spoken was plainly true, he answered, "Bring your wife and children with you." It was this that made Metek so proud and happy; and he hurried home with his news.

Ah! now they must break up housekeeping; but that is an easy thing, easier even than for Gemila in the desert, for her father had mats and tents, and camels and goats, and water-bags: but Metek's family had nothing at all to carry, except a seal-skin drinking-cup, a knife or two, the precious new sewing-

utensils, some strings of beads, the clothes they wear, and one additional suit for summer which the mother has just sewed out of tuktoo or reindeer skin. So it is a very easy matter to make the change; and the berth of the ship is a luxurious bed for Sipsu and Agoonack.

I can't tell you all the wonderful things that happened for the next few months, while the great oomiak, after pushing through the icy sea as far as it could go, was at last frozen fast among the great ice-floes; or how Metek learned so well to shoot the seals and the bears, and provide fresh meat for the whole ship's company.

But we are coming to a very important time, — a time when the ice begins to break up, and, tossed by the rising and falling tides, it crowds and crushes the strong ship. And at last one night, dark and very stormy too, while the children who are so used to the thumping and tossing, are asleep rolled up in bear-skins,

a great shout is heard through the storm: the ship is leaking badly, and they must throw out upon the ice as many things as possible.

The barrels and casks, the bundles of skins, and heavy boats, are soon upon the floe; and in the hurry and confusion somebody picks up the roll of skins in which the children are sleeping, and they are tossed out like any other bundle.

When at last the dim morning dawns, behold, the ship has drifted away, and left upon the great cake of floating ice a party of fifteen men, besides Metek and his wife and the two little children who have crept out of their nest of skins, and are neither surprised nor frightened at finding themselves in this strange position.

Think of it, children. How would you like it? — a great cake of ice two or three miles broad, almost like a floating island. When the days are warm enough to thaw a little, it moves with the moving water, and freezes hard to the land or the icebergs when a cold snap comes.

I believe you and I should be very much troubled about it, and I dare say the captain felt very anxious; but he did not say so: he tried to be cheerful and hopeful, and plan what to do.

In some ways it is not so bad, you see; because if they are floating in the water they will meet both seals and walruses, and can get something to eat. And there is another good thing to remember: they are drifting always southward, and that takes them towards warmer seas, towards home, at least towards the Kudlunah's home. But the way is long, and the ice-boat may not sail always steadily on as they would like. You know they cannot steer it as men do a ship, or even as you do your sled. They must patiently let it take its own way and its own time; and what are they to do for shelter and for fire, even if food is plenty?

I think the Kudlunahs would have been poorly off, although they are so wise, if it hadn't been for Esquimau

Metek then. See how he goes promptly to work to build snow-houses, igloës he calls them. The ice floor is cold, to be sure, and the platform of ice raised at one side for a bed seems colder still when you lie down; but there are two old canvas sails that will serve for carpets; and in a few hours the arched snow walls are finished, so high in the middle that the captain himself can stand upright; and a window one foot square of clear ice lets in light enough to see each other by, even when the seal-blubber lamp is not burning. There is a home for them, and a pretty comfortable home too, they think. But it is now the middle of October, and winter is coming. To be sure, they have casks of pemican and some barrels of biscuits; but it takes a great deal of food to feed nineteen hungry people every day, and in the cold countries you have to eat a great deal more than we do here; for food, as you will one day learn, is like fuel for a little fire

inside of you that keeps you warm, and, the colder the weather is, the more of that fuel is needed to keep the fire burning.

Metek must hunt every day for seals. Unfortunately it is just the time when the bears are taking their long nap; for you must know that they are very lazy fellows in the winter, and creep away to some snug hiding-place where they doze and dream until early spring. It wouldn't be easy to find that hiding-place: so they can't expect much bear's meat.

There is another reason why they dread the winter. Who can tell me what it is?

"It must be the darkness," says Dadie. You are right, my little boy: that is what they dread, and what you and I should dread too, — not to see the sun day after day, and week after week, perhaps not even to see each other's faces.

"But why don't they light their lamps?" says Edith. Ah! there may be

a sad reason for not doing that. Don't you remember that if no seals are killed there will be no oil for the lamps?

I cannot tell you all about it: the story is too long and too sad. You see what the dangers are; but neither you nor I who live so safely at home in our warm houses, and find a good dinner on our tables every day, can really understand how hard it was for them. There were days of no light, no dinner, no comfort of any kind. There were nights when the ice-island cracked in two, and one-half drifted away before morning. There were times when the children moaned, "I am so hungry," and their mother gave them a little piece of sealskin to chew to make believe it was meat.

Among the Kudlunahs was one who had blue eyes and fair hair, and who spoke sometimes in a language strange even to his companions. He had come from the river Rhine. Do you remem-

ber Louise and Fritz and little Gretchen, who once lived there?

This man had a wise way of looking at the stars, and finding out by them in what direction the ice-island was drifting. He could also tell you wonderful things about icebergs, and about birds and beasts, and fishes too: in short, he was what we should call a scientific man, but that hard word didn't puzzle Agoonack as it does you, for she never heard it; her only knowledge of Mr. Meyer is his kindness to her when he one day slips a bit of meat into her thin little hand, and says, "My little cousin at home is no bigger than you, you poor child."

At last there was a time when the sun came back. Oh, how glad they all were! but even that blessing seemed to bring a fresh trouble with it; for they had floated now into warmer seas, and you all know what the sunshine will do to the ice and snow. It is very well that they should be melted, we say; but then, we don't

happen to live on an ice island and in a snow house.

By and by the time comes when it is no longer safe to sleep in the snow houses: cold as the nights are, they must be ready at any minute to leap into the boat, should the now tiny island crack in two. And the poor boat is neither large nor strong.

They have drifted now so far southward that the ice is breaking up all about them, and, happily for them, the seals are sporting in the spring sunshine.

It is the last day of April. To-morrow will be May Day. You will have May fairs, May parties, May flowers. What pleasure will come to these poor people drifting in the icy seas?

Oh! it is something better than May fairs or parties or even flowers. They see the long black line of smoke made by a steamer, miles away, but coming on slowly, steadily, through the ice, to find them. Isn't that the very, very

best blessing for them? and aren't you very, very glad? I am sure that I am.

Oh the comfort, the rest, and the safety! And the way that sturdy little steamer puffs and steams away towards home, with her load of weary, thin, worn-out men! Towards *home*, did I say? but haven't they drifted far beyond Agoonack's home, and now aren't they going still farther from it? That is true. And, after the first relief of finding themselves safe is over, Metek goes to the Nalegak Soak (great captain), and asks how he is ever to reach his home again. And the captain comforts him with the promise, that, when they reach the United States, he shall be sent safely back in the first ship that goes up to the frozen seas for whale-fishing; and in the mean time he and his wife and children will see a new sight, — whole cities full of tall houses built of stone or wood, railroads and factories, and, indeed, more wonders than they can name.

But all this while they are steaming steadily on. They have left the icebergs far behind them; grassy shores are sometimes seen in the distance; the sun is so hot at noon that the fur clothing is uncomfortable, but unhappily they have no other.

At last comes a day when they cast anchor at a crowded wharf. The news of their rescue had been sent before them, and friends have crowded down to welcome them home again.

Oh, there is such a hand-shaking and kissing! Everybody forgets Agoonack and Sipsu, who do not know what to make of all the happy greetings. At least, they can understand how glad the people are: that is something that can be told alike in all languages. But it makes them feel all the more lonely; for nobody is glad to see them.

But what little blue-eyed girl has her arms about Mr. Meyer's neck? Now see, he is leading her by the hand, and

looking on this side and on that until he spies the little Esquimau girl in her corner. He puts the soft white hand into the little brown one, and says, "Louise, this is Agoonack, the little girl who has drifted with us fifteen hundred miles on the ice."

Louise, the fair-faced, sweet, clean little girl; Agoonack, the dark and dirty, yes, still dirty, little Esquimau, the lonely little stranger in a strange land.

Louise looks her full in the face for one minute: then her arms are round Agoonack's neck, and her red lips are giving her a hearty kiss of welcome.

They are little sisters, after all.

A LONG JOURNEY THROUGH A STRANGE LAND.

WHO is this little girl sitting on the sand-bank in the broad valley where a few months ago a swift river ran?

Let us see what she is doing, and then perhaps you will know who she is.

She has brought a bundle of tall reeds from the bank, and laid them beside her; and now notice how, with her flat palm, she smooths a broad place on the sand, and begins to drive in the reeds like posts close together, and in a circle. Isn't it going to be a little garden, with a fence all round it? Watch a minute longer: she is plastering her wall with damp clay; and while that dries, she has carefully measured off a bundle of broad, stiff leaves, tied them firmly together at

one end, and with her strong fingers pulled them wide apart at the other so that they look like an open umbrella.

Do you know what that is for? It is a roof, to be sure. And now she puts it carefully on top of the circular wall, and then she has a pretty little round house with a pointed roof; and you notice she left a doorway in the first place.

"Why, it is Manenko!" says Dossie.

Yes, it is Manenko, the little dark girl who lived in the sunshine. She is building a play-house for herself; and you might build one like it next summer, I think, if you should try.

You knew her by the kind of house, didn't you? And you would have remembered her in a minute more, when I had told you that her little brother Shobo is sitting beside her, trying to make a tiny spear with a sharp barbed end, out of one of her best reeds.

A great trouble has come to Manenko's country since you first knew her. You

remember the broad river where the hippopotamus used to sleep under the water, and where the men used to come down in a canoe loaded with elephants' tusks. That beautiful, cool, swift-flowing river has dried up; and our little Manenko is at this moment building her play-house in the very place where the waves used to dance along over the sandy bottom.

But why is this a great trouble? I will answer this question by asking you another. Who can live without water to drink? And the simple round houses have no water-pipes, and the one well of the village is already almost dry. The women are holding up their hands to the sky, and crying, "Poola, poola!" (rain, rain); but the sky is blue and clear, and not the smallest fleecy cloud answers their call; and the men have gone to the next village to ask the old medicine-man to come and make rain for them, which you and I know very well he will not be able to do. So this is really a serious trouble, isn't it?

Sekomi has been thoughtful for many days. He has watched the sky, he has looked sadly at the dry bed of the river; and now a morning has come when there seems no longer any hope, and he says, "Where shall we drink water to-night?"

But Maunka, the good mother, is more cheerful. "Let us go to the mountain country," she says. "Do you not see that the river once ran down to us from the mountains? There we shall find springs and wells, build a new house, and live as happily as we have here."

I am sure, dear children, that you will think this good advice; for you all know that the rivers come from the mountain springs.

And so this whole family prepared to go on a long journey through a strange land.

Perhaps some of you know what it is to move. We moved once when I was a little girl; and there were great wagons to carry the furniture, and men to load

and unload them. It was a long and wearisome business, I assure you.

Now we will see how Manenko's family move. There are no horses and wagons to carry any thing; but they march on foot, single file, and carry all the baggage themselves. First the father with his spear and shield, bow and arrows, slung over his shoulders. Then Zungo, the oldest son: he, too, carries bow and spear, and also a load of sleeping-mats tied together with rope made of palm-fibre. Then follows the mother. I hope some good children are carrying all her bundles for her. But no: see, she has the heaviest load of all. On her head is the water-jar; over her shoulders all the family clothing and cooking-utensils; in her hands the baskets, and the short hoes for hoeing corn; and more than all, in the loose folds of her waist-cloth little Shobo must ride when he is tired, something as Agoonack's little brother Sipsu rode in his mother's jumper-hood.

Why didn't Manenko carry some of these things for her mother? Only look at the little girl, and you will be able to answer the question. See, she, too, has a little water-jar on her head (and I think she carries it more safely than any one of you could do), and a basket of hard cakes, baked in the ashes of the morning's fire, in her hand; a smaller basket of honey is slung over her shoulder; and all that is load enough for a little girl.

If you ask why Sekomi and Zungo do not carry more, I can only answer that I am afraid they are not very thoughtful about such things. However, nobody complains, least of all the cheerful mother, who takes up her burdens without a word; and they turn their faces towards the hill-country.

The first day's march is not so very hard if it were not for that thicket of wait-a-bit thorn bushes past which the path led them.

Did you ever hear of the wait-a-bit

thorn? It tells its whole story in its name; for the thorns are like little fish-hooks, and, if once they catch you, you must needs wait a bit before you can get away. I am glad they don't grow in this country. To-day they tore long slits in Manenko's little cotton skirt, the first and only garment that she ever had, and she had only worn it a few weeks; you remember, when you knew her before, she did not wear clothes. I am sorry the wait-a-bit has served her so unkindly, for there is no cloth to make a new dress.

Just before sunset they find a pool of muddy water, and on its borders great heavy foot-marks where the elephants have been down to drink. This will be a good camping-place, if they keep out of the elephants' path, for the water-jars are empty, and here is a new supply to fill them for to-morrow, and also to make some porridge for supper. So the children gather sticks for a fire, and Sekomi selects a sheltered spot for the camp.

But how shall they light the fire? Do you think Sekomi has any matches in his pocket? In the first place, he hasn't any pocket; and in the second, they never heard of such a thing as a match, a little stick with a fiery end: they would look at it with wonder. No, there are no matches, but Zungo will light the fire nevertheless.

He is looking about for a wild fig-tree; and, finding one, he cuts a smooth twig, sharpens it into a point, and after wetting the point rolls it in the sand until some of the sharp, shining bits stick to the wet end. Now it is all ready for rubbing or twirling in the hollow of that piece of wood that he has carried all day slung to his bundle of mats. How hard he works, holding the pointed stick straight in the hole, and twirling it hard between his two hands, while his mother waits beside him to catch the first spark in a wisp of dried grass! There, it is smoking, and now the grass is smouldering;

and in a minute there will be a merry blaze under the earthen chattie where the porridge is to be cooked.

But before the porridge is well boiled, a long train of men and animals comes crashing through the low bushes; and, while the frightened family hides behind a rock, Sekomi comes doubtfully forward to see who the intruders are.

Two tall creatures with long necks, great humps on their backs, and loaded with bales and bundles of goods; four little sturdy animals, not wholly unlike zebras excepting in color; and, besides the six men with woolly hair and dark faces like Sekomi's own, two tall, grave-faced, straight-haired men whom you would have known at once for Arabs, because you have heard about such people who lived in the desert with Gemila. But the greatest wonder of all is the man who rides upon one of the smaller animals, — a white man! Sekomi has heard that such men come sometimes to the

sea-coast, but he never before saw one; and so, while he wonders much at the camels and the donkeys, strange beasts to him, he wonders still more at a simple man who is in every outward way as different from himself as possible. He has a white skin instead of a dark one, straight hair instead of wool, blue eyes instead of black, and he wears instead of the simple apron and mantle of antelope-skin, strange garments so well known to us as coat and pantaloons. But the words that he speaks are the most wonderful; and yet Sekomi knows by their sound that they are kind, although he cannot understand their meaning until one of the black interpreters hurries forward to help about the talking.

Do you know what an interpreter is?

See what he does, and then you will know. He listens to the white man's talk, and then he changes it into Sekomi's language, and so makes them understand each other. Do you want to hear what the white man says to Sekomi?

"We have the same kind heavenly Father. Let us be friends and like brothers."

But Sekomi is afraid. He can hardly believe it, and he answers, —

"It cannot be so: however much we wash ourselves, we do not become white. It cannot be that I have the same Father as Bazungu" (white man).

Then the Bazungu speaks again in his kindly voice, and says, "It is not the skin that makes us brothers: it is the heart."

And now Sekomi dares to come forward, and touch the hand that is held out to him in kindness, and clap his own as an act of politeness. "And, since we are brothers, my wife will give you porridge."

The Bazungu is tired and hungry, and the porridge is hot and delicious; but before eating it he gives Sekomi a piece of bright-colored cloth from one of his bales, and he also calls Manenko, and puts a

string of red and blue beads round her neck. The child says timidly, "Motota, motota" ("thanks"), and claps her hands as her mother has taught her, for it would be very bad manners not to clap your hands if any one gave you a present.

The white man wants help, for one of his camels is sick and tired, and cannot carry so great a load; and to-morrow morning the packages must be divided, and the men must carry a part of them. He will be glad of Sekomi's help, and will pay him one yard of calico a day. That is a great price; and as Sekomi was going in the same direction, he is very glad to earn so much calico by carrying one of the bales.

Do you wonder why he isn't paid in money? He knows nothing about money. In his country cloth and ivory and beads are used instead, and a yard of calico is as good as a dollar.

So the bargain is made, and the wages

agreed upon; and then the camp-fires are lighted to frighten away the lions, and all lie down to sleep.

You would be surprised to see this fire. We all know what a bright wood fire is; but what should you think of a fire of ebony, that fine black wood of which the piano-keys are made, and perhaps a stick of mahogany or lignum-vitæ added to it? That is all the wood they can find to burn; and although the white man knows that it is fine enough to be made into beautiful tables or desks or pianos, the black people think it of no value except for their fires.

In the side of the hill half a mile away, is a broad belt of black rock. It is coal, just such coal as we burn in our grate; but when the Bazungu shows it to his men, and tells them that it will make a hot fire, they smile, and say, "Kodi?" ("really?") for they don't believe it.

Very early in the morning Manenko

hears her mother rise quietly, and take her grinding-stone, and begin to grind some corn into flour. "Mother, why grind in the dark?" asks the child.

"I grind meal to buy a cloth from the stranger, and make you a little dress," answers the mother; and sure enough, when the Bazungu comes out of his tent at sunrise, Maunka stands waiting with her basket of fresh meal; and he gladly buys it, and gives the cloth. So the poor dress torn by the wait-a-bit is replaced.

They are soon ready for the march. Sekomi now carries a great bale of cloth; and Zungo, too, has been employed to attend to the white man's fires when they camp at night For this work he is to have a strange kind of pay, stranger even than the cloth: it is the heads and necks of all the animals that the white man may shoot on the way. If he should shoot a rhinoceros, I think there would be meat enough in his head

to last the whole family several days; but a little antelope's head would be only enough for one dinner. At any rate, it is a great help to them all to have this work and this pay from the friendly stranger; and they are ready to serve him in every way that they can.

As they come near a village, they hear the people shouting, "Malonda, malonda!" ("things for sale: do you want to sell any thing?") and they find themselves just in time to go to a market, which is being held in the middle of the town.

Let us see what they have to sell. Here is the blacksmith who has a forge on the top of yonder ant-hill. He has been making short-handled iron hoes, and will sell them for cloth or for honey; and honey is very cheap, — a whole gallon for one yard of cloth.

See these two nice girls with clean hands and faces, and neat baskets full of something to eat. It looks very good,

but I am afraid you won't buy any when I tell you that it is roasted white ants. But I don't know why we shouldn't find it as agreeable as a kungo-cake that the women who live by the lake have for sale; for a kungo-cake is a round flat cake, an inch thick, and as large as a breakfast-plate, made entirely of boiled midges that are caught by the basket-full as they hover over the lake.

We will not buy either, but will give that little naked girl a blue bead in payment for a cup of fresh water, and then sit down in the shade of a wild fig-tree to watch the others. Zungo has sold a spear-head, and has in return some large green, bitter melons. They are too bitter to be eaten raw, but will be very juicy and sweet when baked in the ashes. Sekomi has spent all his cloth for an ornament of ivory shaped like a new moon; and he marches about the town with it hanging round his neck with one horn over each shoulder.

There is one kind of food here that perhaps we shall like. It is a sort of a soup made out of the blossoms of a pretty blue flowering pea. The people call it *chilobé;* and when they learn that the white man never saw it before, they exclaim, "What a wretched country you must live in, if you do not even have chilobé!" But you and I know that they haven't the least idea how many other good things we have instead.

On one side of the market-place stand some men curiously marked on their backs, shoulders, and arms. They are covered with patterns pricked into their skins, — tattooed we should call it. There are crosses, and half-moons, and various other figures; and all the men of one family have the same sort of mark, so that you can tell, the minute you see one of them, whether he is a moon-man or a cross-man. They have brought salt to sell; for they live in a place where the very earth tastes salt;

and if you take some of it, and wash it carefully, you can wash out little crystals of clear white salt.

The Bazungu has bought a pot of fresh butter; and when he eats his supper that evening, the black people look on with surprise to see him eat butter raw, spread on his bread; and Maunka offers to melt it for him, that he may dip his bread into it. That is the way she would eat it.

And now I must tell you something about the new country into which they are coming. Already they have met little rivers coming down from the mountains, and the plains are covered with tall grass, tall enough for tall men to play hide-and-seek in; and the buffalo and rhinoceros are roaming there, thinking themselves safely hidden from hunters.

There is need of meat in the camp, and Bazungu plans a great hunt. The men take their bows and spears; but the

white man has a "gun with six mouths, and the balls travel far and hit hard." I suppose we should call it a six-barrel revolver.

They leave the camp early one morning; and as they will not return for two days, the men carry their fumbas, or sleeping-bags of palm-leaves, and the little mosamela, or carved wooden pillow, hung over their shoulders.

First they shoot a zebra, which they think gives "the king of good meat." But the buffalo and rhinoceros are not so easy to approach, for each is guarded by a watchful little bird sitting on its back, and looking out for danger; and no sooner do the faithful little sentinels catch a glimpse of spear or bow, than the buffalo-bird calls out, "Cha, cha, cha!" and the rhinoceros-bird, "Tye, tye, tye!" as much as to say to their clumsy friends, in their own pretty language, "Scamper, scamper, quick, quick!" and away gallop the great crea-

tures, and it is no easy matter to overtake them.

But there is always something to be had for dinner, when all else fails. You know the guinea-hens with speckled backs, and their funny call, "Come back, come back!" We see a few of them here; but in Manenko's land they are very common, hundreds and thousands of them to be found everywhere; and our hunters can have roasted or boiled guinea-hen, if nothing else: only, in that case, poor Zungo will fare badly; for the heads and necks are his, and very small indeed they are as payment for cutting the hard lignum-vitæ and ebony for the firewood. The good Bazungu, however, is kind and thoughtful, and sometimes gives him a whole fowl for dinner.

On the second day they kill two great buffalo; and as they cannot carry all the meat at once to camp, a part has to be left among the bushes. When they

go back for it, they hear a low growling, and, approaching cautiously, see a great lion tearing the buffalo-flesh and eating it as fast as he can. Oh, what a pity, after all their trouble in hunting! And Sekomi calls out boldly to the lion, "Why don't you kill your own beef? Are you a chief, and so mean as to steal what other people have killed?" For Sekomi believes that some chiefs have the power of turning themselves into lions, just as people do in fairy-stories; and he thinks this lion is really a man, and can understand what he says. But the lion does not heed him: he only growls, and goes on with his meal, and the buffalo-meat is lost.

The white man cannot wait many days for hunting, because he is on his way to visit a great lake of which he has heard, and to look for the source of a long river of which you will know more some day. So they are soon on the march again; and the days are

growing warmer and warmer, for it is mid-summer in that country. Mid-summer, did I say? It is just the 25th of December; and do you know what day that is? "Christmas Day!" you all exclaim. Yes, it is Christmas Day; and the birds are singing, the corn is springing up, and the fields are full of gay flowers.

You all know the little humming-birds that you see dipping into the flowers on a summer-day. In Manenko's land there are not many humming-birds, but tiny sun-birds instead, no bigger than a great humble-bee, and fluttering on swift-fanning wings over the pomegranate-flowers. The little weaver-birds, too, have put off their winter clothes of sober brown, and are gayly dressed in scarlet and black velvet. And here is one little red-throated bird who has put on a long train for summer wear, and finds it as difficult to fly about with it as some ladies do to walk with theirs.

I wish you could see the goat-sucker bird that Zungo caught, and brought into camp on Christmas Day. He might have followed it all day long, a month ago, and yet have come home empty-handed; but the vain little bird is now dressed with two very long feathers (as long as your arm) growing out of each wing, and trailing so heavily, that, although at other times he flies too swiftly for any one to catch him, he is now slow and clumsy; and Zungo caught him without trouble.

In spite of the hunting, there is great need of meat in the camp; and some of the men are sick, and cannot travel any farther.

You may wonder why they can't buy meat, as we do, of the butcher; but, besides the fact that there is no butcher, there is another great objection, — there is no meat. There are neither sheep nor oxen in this part of the country; for the enemy has driven them all away.

"What enemy," do you ask?

A little enemy not a thousandth part as large as an ox, black and yellow in color, and carrying a very sharp and dangerous weapon. His name is tsetse, and he is a terrible fly. He bites the oxen and the sheep; and they sicken, and in a few days die. And so determined is this fierce little enemy, that no sheep or oxen can live in the country after he appears. For some reason of his own, he doesn't bite goats; and, when the white man brought camels and donkeys, it was because he thought they, too, would be safe from the tsetse. But he was mistaken; for although he rubbed them with lion's fat to keep them safe, knowing well that the tsetse will not hurt the lion, yet they were bitten, and one by one they died; and now there are not men enough to carry the loads which the animals used to carry, and neither is there meat to eat: so he decides to send Zungo as a messenger to

the great chief, Kabobo, who lives thirty miles away in a town where there is food in plenty.

He does not write a letter; for none of these people can read; but this is the message that he teaches to Zungo, and Zungo must say it over and over to himself as he travels along, that he may be sure not to forget it.

"Bazungu needs ten strong men, and goats and corn. He will pay cloth and beads, and he sends you this present to let you know his friendship."

The present was a red shirt, and a string of clear white beads. It was carefully wrapped in palm-leaves, and Zungo carried it on his head.

Over and over again he repeated his message, and did not forget a single word; and in four days his joyful shout was heard in the distance, and he and his ten men were soon welcomed with clapping of hands. Kabobo had sent corn and palm-wine, and goats, and

begged the great Bazungu to visit him very soon.

But Bazungu cannot visit any one at present; for the hot, damp weather has made him very ill. He lies in his hut, burning with fever; and poor little Manenko, too, lies on a mat beside her mother, with hot, fevered hands, and dry, quick breath. But, though he is so ill himself, the stranger, when he hears of the sick child, prepares for her a bitter little powder like the one he is taking himself. Of course, the little girl doesn't like the bitter taste of it; but the next day she is better, and able to sit up, and soon she can go with her mother to say "Motota" to the kind Bazungu.

Don't forget this bitter medicine, for you will hear of it again before you finish this book.

In a few days they are all able to go to Kabobo's village; and there, for the first time in her life, Manenko sees a square house: there are two or three of

them in the village, built by people who have travelled away to the seacoast, and there seen houses like them.

Around Kabobo's town are pleasant fields and gardens; and every thing is growing finely, excepting one patch of corn, which the men say they planted in the mouse-month, and so lost half of it, for the mice ate the seeds.

One meadow is covered with pure little white lilies; and some medlar-bushes hang thick with blossoms. Among the tall reeds you hear the brown ibis scream, "Ha, ha, ha!" and flocks of green pigeons are feeding on the fruits of the wild fig-tree. Certainly it is a pleasant place; and, after their long journey, Sekomi's family think that here they will make their new home.

The women of the village look up pleasantly as they pass, and say, "Yambo?" ("How are you?") And they answer, "Yambo sana." ("Very well.") Everybody seems kind, and glad to see the travellers.

So Maunka begins at once to build a new house. And then she finds fine clay, and shapes new water-jars, smoothing them into their beautiful rounded forms with her hands, and marking them on the edge with pretty braided patterns like this which you see in the picture. And soon the new house is well provided; for twenty pots for water, for honey, and for porridge, hang from the ceiling.

But no sooner has Maunka built her house than another builder comes quietly in, and goes to work to build hers in one corner of it. It is the paper spider; and Manenko sees her lay her forty or fifty eggs upon the wall, and then begin to make her pure white paper house to shelter them. She thinks the mother-spider is not so different from any other mother; and, instead of driving her away, she watches while the careful builder prepares her little paper wall, half as big as the palm of Edith's hand,

and then fastens it firmly over the eggs by a strip not wider than your finger-nail, pasted strongly all round the edges

For three long weeks she sits, like a mother-bird on her eggs, to keep them warm; after that she goes out for food in the day, but always comes back to cuddle them closely at night; and Manenko is never afraid for her, but watches every day to see when the little ones will come out of the eggs.

Sekomi has been busy planting corn, and also some seeds that the white man has given him, and they already feel at home.

Their good friend the Bazungu has tried to give them one present better even than the cloth, or the beads, or the garden-seeds: he has tried to teach Zungo and Manenko to read. But, oh, what hard work it is! You have no idea of the difficulty; and at last one day poor Zungo says in despair, "O Bazungu! give me medicine: I shall

drink it to make me understand." But you and I know that the only medicine that can make us learn is patience and perseverance; and even Zungo will learn in time, if he has these.

You will all see by and by that even the little knowledge of reading and speaking English that he gained is a help to him; for a few months later, another white man comes from the north to Kabobo's village; and when he finds that Zungo can read a little, and understands some words of English, he hires him as an interpreter, and promises to take him on a long journey, pay him well, and send him safely home again.

And now, before we leave them in their new home, I must tell you of one thing that happens to Manenko. She is getting to be a great girl; and it is time for her to begin to wear the pelele.

But what is the pelele?

It is an ivory ring, but not for the finger, or even for the ears. This poor child

is going to have her upper lip bored; and this ring will be put into the hole, not to hang down, but to stand out straight and flat in a very inconvenient way; but everybody thought it was beautiful, and, even if the little girl finds it painful, she will not complain, but will consider it quite an honor. Her second teeth have come now; and they must be filed away to points, so that they look like a cat's little sharp teeth, and then she is thought to look very pretty indeed. The white man has made a picture of her, dressed in her best beads, and carrying a pretty new water-jar on her head. He will take it home to his own dear daughter, that she may learn how her little dark sisters look in this far-away land.

WHAT WAS GEMILA DOING ALL THIS TIME?

We have been wandering through strange, wild lands. Come with me now to a great city. But I doubt if you feel more at home in it than you did on Agoonack's ice-island, or Manenko's long journey; for it is not at all like any city you have ever seen; not like Boston or New York, not like St. Louis or Chicago.

Let us stand still for a minute, if we can find a quiet spot in this narrow, crowded street, and see what it is like. It is Sunday afternoon; but we hear no church-bells, and all the business seems to be going on just the same as on a week-day.

"Don't these people have any Sunday?" asks Dadie.

Oh, yes! but their Sunday is Friday. On Friday they will go to their churches, and have their services; but to-day is their market-day, and, in almost all the towns we may visit in this country, we shall find a Sunday market.

We are close beside a shop now, but, oh! what a funny shop! hardly bigger than a cupboard; and the whole side towards the street is open. Will you buy some of these sugared almonds, or a few delicious golden dates, of that turbaned man who sits so quietly in the corner, and doesn't seem to care whether we buy or not? If we want either dates or almonds, we must take a piastre out of our pockets to pay for them; for a bright silver dime, or a five-cent piece would be something so new and strange to our shop-keeper, that he would shake his head, and hand it back to you.

But we mustn't spend too much time buying dates. There is something bet-

ter to do in this wonderful city, where even the houses are curious enough to make us stop, and gaze at them. See the pretty balconies built out around the windows, and sheltered by screens or shutters of beautifully carved wood. I fancy we can catch a glimpse of some bright eyes peeping out at us through the delicate lattice-work; for all the ladies of this city sit with their little daughters all day long in these balconies, and look out through the screens, on the streets below them, and on the passers-by. And the flocks of pretty ring-doves sit cooing about them; and the swallows fly in and out; and sometimes even the vultures alight there for a moment, and no one drives them away; for what would become of the people and the city, if the faithful vultures did not clean the streets every day?

But, quick, we must crowd ourselves close to the wall, and keep out of the way of that tall, brown camel who paces

up the street so silently, that we heard no footfall, and did not know he was coming until his long shadow fell across us from behind. He moves up the narrow lane as if the whole of it belonged to him, for he has come from the desert, where there is plenty of room, and he has no idea of being crowded; and those donkeys, with their wild-looking little drivers, must get out of his way as best they can. How they scramble, and how the boys shout to them! but the silent camel moves on towards the fountain in the next square, and takes no notice at all of their noise. He is loaded with great bales of gum; and his master is going to sell them to the gum-merchant at the corner of the square.

I wonder if you will remember the master, this gray-faced man, with his white turban and loose cotton dress. It is really Abdel Hassan; but you didn't expect to meet him a city, did you? Little Gemila is with him too; that is,

she is in the camp outside the city gates (for this city has walls and gates, and is shut up every night); and to-morrow she will come into the strange streets with her little brother Alee and one of the servants, to look about her, as we were doing just now when we had to start aside, and make way for her father's camel.

I wish we could take little Gemila's hand, and walk with her through the city to-morrow, and see how wonderful it would all be to her.

The donkeys with their high-cushioned red saddles, and the camels with their noiseless tread, the red fez caps and turbans, and the women with long veils, and bright eyes peering through the little slit that is left open for them, — these would not be strange to her; but the many beautiful fountains meeting you at every corner with a refreshing drink, that is something to astonish our little desert maiden, who generally has drunk

water only from leathern bags or desert springs. And the houses that crowd so close on both sides of the street, and shut out the sky, so that she sees only one narrow strip of blue instead of her wide desert dome; and the bazaars, where people are hustling each other, and shouting, and bargaining for shawls and slippers, gold lace, and silk embroideries; these are things almost unheard of to the little girl, whose only garment has been the brown cotton dress.

There is one thing, however, at which Gemila is never tired of looking: she could sit and watch it from morning till night, so strange, so wonderful, does it seem to her. This is not her first sight of it, as you will presently learn. But so strange a sight does not lose its newness very soon; and so it is that whenever, in looking down a street, she sees at the end the broad river sparkling in the sunshine, she leaves every other sight for that, and runs to sit beside it, and see

the ripples dance along, and the boats with their pointed blue-and-white sails, and the sailors rowing, and singing to keep time for their oars.

But you will want to know how it happened that Gemila left her desert home, and surprised us by appearing in the streets of Cairo; and I must go back two or three months, and tell you all about it; for, like Manenko, she, too, has taken a long and wonderful journey, at least, it seems wonderful to you and me, for we are not so accustomed to travelling as she is.

I think it was about Christmas time, a hot desert Christmas, remember, that Abdel Hassan was journeying as usual from one part of his wide desert home to another, when he met the caravan from Kordofan, with thirty camel-loads of gum, on its way to the great city of Cairo.

I know you must have seen the gum that oozes out from the peach and plum

trees in such clear, sticky drops; or, at any rate, if you don't know that, you have seen gum-arabic, which you can buy at the druggists. Now, on the borders of the desert, a great many gum-trees grow; and the great, clear drops of gum ooze out of them, as they do from the peach-tree, only there is much more of it, so that it lies on the ground in little lumps, under the trees; and children as young as Gemila and Alee go out to help gather it; and the men pack it in great bags, and load the camels with it, and set out on a long desert march of many, many miles, to sell it in the distant city, and to buy, in return, cloth and guns, shawls and turbans; just as the Sheik Hassein did whom Abdel Hassan met one day long ago, you remember. The Kordofan sheik meets Abdel Hassan gladly, and, dismounting from his horse, sits beside him on a mat, and tells him that to see him is like the blessing of a new moon. And an Arab

can hardly express greater pleasure than that. Then they smoke their long pipes, and drink coffee together, and finally the sheik explains that he wants more camels to help carry the gum; and, after much talk, he agrees to buy two camels of Abdel Hassan, and to pay him with bales of gum. And Abdel Hassan, to whom one part of the world is as much home as another, decides to journey himself to Cairo, and sell the gum. And, since he goes, his whole family will go too.

So the next day they turn their faces northward, and travel towards Cairo, having first asked the Kordofan merchants how far it is to the next spring.

Their question is answered in a curious way; for, as these people have not many words, they make one answer the purpose of two or three. Let me show you how they do it. If the spring had been very near, they would have answered, "Henak;" but, as it is a very long dis-

tance away, they make the word very long, and say, "Hen-a-a-a-a-ak," and it isn't so poor a way of telling distance after all, is it?

You know so well what Gemila's journeys generally are, that I will not tell you much about this, excepting the one or two unusual events of it. The first of these happened on New-Year's Day, and made it any thing but a happy new year. It wasn't a snow-storm; but it was a sand-storm. The air was hot and hazy: you could scarcely see the sun, although there were no clouds to hide him; and presently all this sultry air began to stir, and whistle, and rush, and whirl; and the light, dry sand was caught up by it, blown into drifts as high as a tall man, driven into every fold of the dress or turban, into every eye and ear and nostril, with a cutting, stinging keenness such as we might feel in a fierce, wild snow-storm in one of our bitter winter-days, only it is hot and tingling, instead of cold and tingling.

You could perhaps bear this for a few minutes, but not longer; and this terrible storm lasted two hours. At first the men only unfolded the cloth of their turbans so as to wrap it round the face and ears; and the women and children drew veils over their heads: but it was impossible to continue to travel in such a storm. And when they saw a great rock not far away, standing like a tall, black tower or fortress in the yellow sand, Abdel Hassan was not slow in leaping from his black horse, and planting his spear, as a sign that they should encamp in this welcome shelter.

Here they lay, and heard the great whistling wind drive through every cranny and crevice; and at last they saw a tall pillar of sand whirled up by the wind until it seemed to reach the sky. It moved along in a stately sort of waltz, round and round, and still advancing over the burning sands, and presently it was joined by another, and another, and the

strange monsters moved on like a party of giants pleasing themselves by a wild desert dance; and it was well for little Gemila that the wind carried them away from, instead of towards, her sheltering rock; for who would have been able to stand against those terrible, strong, blinding whirls of sand that the fierce wind had raised?

When at last the sun could be seen again, and the wind slowly died away, our poor travellers lay tired and feverish, and as little able to proceed on their way as if they had been ill for many days.

But a cool and quiet night refreshed them, and early in the morning they are up and away. The only signs that the sand-storm had left behind were great yellow drifts, some of them as high as a house, that hid the track, and confused even Abdel Hassan himself as to which direction he should take to reach the bitter wells, their next drinking-place.

And so it happened that they rode doubtfully on during all that morning, and, after the noonday rest, changed their line of march a little more towards the north, and looked eagerly forward for the first distant glimpse of the tufted top of a palm-tree.

And Gemila is the first to clap her hands, and shout, "Look, look!" while she points towards the distant horizon; and there against the blue sky stand clusters of feathery palms beside a pretty pond of water, that looks like a bit of the sky itself dropped down to rest upon the yellow sands, and in the water's edge tall reeds are growing, and on the farther shore stand black rocks overhanging their black reflections in the water. Oh, what a lovely little place! — the prettiest spring that the child has ever seen. But although she claps her hands, and shouts for joy, her father shows no signs of pleasure; and the camel-drivers only shake their heads,

and look sober; and neither do the camels nor horses hasten forward, as they usually do when they smell the fresh water from afar.

"See," says old Achmet to the little girl, "see, it is not a true spring: those are not real palm-trees. Watch them, and you will know that I tell you the truth."

And Gemila watched; and presently some of the trees seemed to be standing on their heads, and the pretty blue pond ran into the sky, as if there were no line between; and Achmet said to her, "If it were real water, it would look darker than the sky; but this is just the same color." And, as she watched, a silvery blur came over it all, and she rubbed her eyes to see more plainly; but when she looked again, it was all gone, and the desolate waste of yellow sand lay before them. It was only a beautiful air-picture, which is called a mirage; and wise desert travellers like

Abdel Hassan and Achmet know it well; but strangers or children are deceived by it, and wander out of their way to find the refreshing place, which vanishes into silver mist, and leaves them to turn back disappointed, if indeed they are able to find the path at all.

You will be glad to know that before sunset they did reach a real spring or well of bitter water, not very good, but better than nothing; and the camels drank, and the water-bags were filled, and they went on as before.

And now every day they see something new. There are valleys walled in by black rocks; and there are strange caves, where they sometimes camp at night; and at last, one day, they see before them everywhere groves of trees, — date, lemon, citron, and acacia, and many others; and, as they turn out of the rocky valley, the men raise a great shout, "El bahr, el bahr!" ("The river,

the river!") The broad, blue, rolling water lies before them; and this is Gemila's first sight of the river. Now it will keep them company for days and days as they journey along its banks, and drink of its waters, and hear its rippling waves at night as they lie in the caves along its shores, and feel its cool breeze refreshing them after the terrible desert heat.

One night they reach a great rock filled with caves like little rooms of a house, and all the walls inside are painted with strange pictures.

You know we sometimes take a picture, and make up a story about it, telling what we think this or that person is doing, or where he is going; but these pictures tell stories themselves, — that is what they were painted there for, — and there is a long, hard name for them, which means something like picture-writing.

Gemila sees one wall all marked out

in bright colors, — red, blue, green, and yellow pictures, telling how a family had visitors to dine, and how the cooks prepared the dishes, and how the baby sat in his mother's lap and watched the guests, and how the cats and dogs lived and played with them just as they do with you to-day; only nobody in all those pictures was ever seen to hurt or trouble any animal; and when I tell you that the people who painted them lived thousands of years ago, you will wonder, as I do, that we can still see them so plainly. I think they had very good paints: don't you? They couldn't write as we do now, and they wanted all the story of their lives — what they did, and where they went, and what little children they had to love and take care of — to be remembered: so they had it all painted on these hard rocks, that would not wear out as the leaves of books do; and there you and I could see it this very day, just as Gemila does when she

wakes at early morning, and creeps up over the steep rocks, and looks at the pictures, where the long rays of the rising sun shine far into the caves. There is a red man with a green head, driving four horses harnessed to a chariot; and a little blue girl is feeding the pigeons, just as we should want to feed the living pigeons that flutter in such great flocks around every village, and sleep in the funny, tall pigeon-houses made of earthen jars on the top of almost every house.

You see, now that they have reached the river, they find villages all along its banks; and, for the first time in her life, Gemila learns what houses are, and thinks that she likes a tent better; and she sees waving fields of golden wheat, and the rice growing in the low meadows; and she tastes the gingerbread that grows on the dôm-palm tree. She watches the brown ibis, and the stork and vulture, busy at their work of clean-

ing the village streets, picking up and eating up all the dirty and disagreeable things that the careless people have thrown there, which would otherwise soon decay and cause sickness.

Our little girl has hardly time to sleep, there is so much to see. The children, too, are so different in some ways from herself! Here is one little girl buttering her hair with a thick layer of not very sweet butter; and another has all her braids soaked in castor oil, and thinks it charming. They can swim too; and you may very well know that Gemila, who has never before seen a river, or even a lake, has never learned to swim; and when she sees the girls and boys splashing in the water, she laughs and shouts with delight. One little boy sits astride a round log for a boat, and steers himself across the stream. How she wishes she could do the same!

But, if I stop to tell you all the wonders of the way, we shall never reach

Cairo: so let us hurry on, past the great stone pyramids standing so grand in the desert, and past the wonderful stone image with head like a person, and fore-paws like a lion, and all the rest of its body buried in sand, that looked so grand and solemn in the moonlight as they met it suddenly on their march the last evening before reaching Cairo. The great solemn face, ten yards in length, looking out over the desert sands, seemed to have a thousand wonderful stories to tell of all that it had seen since the men of ages ago carved it out of the great rock; but it told none of them to the little awe-struck Arab girl, nor to the camel-drivers, who hastened to pitch the red-and-black striped tent, and unload their camels for the night, as if the great face were not watching them all the while.

Very early in the morning, while sky and sand are covered with rosy light, Gemila is wandering among the strange,

great rocks, watching the lizards' little red or blue tails disappearing through the cracks as they glide away from her, and the little jerboas sitting outside their sand houses. But already the camels are loaded, and the tents are struck, and to-day she will see the gates of Cairo.

I wish I had time to tell you of all that may be seen in that city; but we are leading an Arab life now, and do not stop long in any one place: and so it is that one day, when the Khamaseen wind begins to blow, Abdel Hassan is reminded of the desert; the old wandering feeling comes over him, and he says he will stay no longer in Cairo.

But perhaps you do not know why the Khamaseen wind should remind him of the desert. It has come from the desert, and it fills all the air with a fine yellow dust that is borrowed from the yellow sand on the way. They call it Khamaseen, because, in the language of that country, Khamaseen means fifty;

and for fifty days this hot wind blows most of the time. It has reminded Abdel Hassan of his old home, and he must begin to think of his return.

But he has sold his camels, as well as his gum; and what is an Arab without camels? True, he has money enough to buy more than he has ever owned before, but he will buy them better from the desert tribes than here in Cairo; and so it happens that a new way of life offers itself for him and his family. They will go in a Nile boat as far as Korosko; and there, where the river makes a great curve like the letter C, and half encircles a desert, they will leave it, and begin again their life among the rocks and sand.

This is a delightful journey to Gemila and Alee: they are learning to love the river, and to know what a mighty friend it is to all the country. We who live by a river can tell how useful it is in many ways to our own country; but

this great river Nile is more useful to its country than any of our rivers are to us. Before Gemila reaches her desert home, she will see a very remarkable change in it. Now its waters roll quietly on in a narrow channel; but in a few weeks they will rise and rise higher and higher every day, and presently all the country on both sides will be flooded like a great lake. "Ah!" you say, "what will become of all the poor people and the houses?"

Do not be anxious about them; for they have seen the river behave in this way every year since they were born, and they have built all their houses on high land for safety; and they watch the rising of the water with delight, for it comes as a messenger of good-will to tell them of fruitful fields and fine harvests, since it waters for them the fields on which no rain ever falls. Only think of that: Gemila has never seen rain! I have heard it said that there is a great

shower in the desert, perhaps once in ten or twenty years; but our little girl is only nine years old, and it hasn't come in her time. Think how dry and desolate the whole country would be if it were not that this good friend the river gathers all the rains and melted snows from the mountain countries far away, even as far as those hills towards which Manenko travelled, and pours them down through hundreds of miles to bless and refresh this thirsty land.

In our country we have four seasons; and when the snow is all gone, and the birds begin to come, and the farmers prepare to plant their seeds, we call it spring; summer brings the flowers and fruits, and autumn is harvest time; then comes winter, which Dossie and Edith like best of all. But in this land where Gemila is travelling, the river alone decides what the seasons shall be.

When the water begins to rise, it is like a promise of spring to the farmer;

and so regularly does it rise and fall, that he knows well, that, when November comes, he must have his seed ready for planting; for the river will have fallen, and the rich, damp slime will be left by its waters upon the fields: so we may call November his spring-time. And when the wheat and rice are well grown in the damp fields, and need only a greater heat to ripen them, then comes the Khamaseen wind, and hastens the harvest; and that must bring autumn; and, after autumn, do you think they expect snow? Oh, no, indeed! They have never seen snow, and only once in a while a little ice. But a dry, hot time comes, when nothing will grow, and the river has shrunk away again into its old narrow bed; and you may call the season by what name you like, only the people are very glad when it ends, and the friendly river begins to rise again; and that is about the last of June.

But all this while the river has been

floating our travellers down to Korosko; and here Abdel Hassan buys his camels, and among them one beautiful milk-white dromedary, a camel with one hump upon its back instead of two. This gentle creature trots and runs with so easy and steady a motion that its rider might drink a cup of milk while going at a full trot, and not spill a single drop. Wouldn't you like to have that dromedary to ride on, little Georgie? Do you think Gemila will ride it? Oh, no! it is to have quite a different rider: for in this little town by the river an English gentleman and his wife are waiting for guides and camels to cross the desert to Abou Hammed; and when this gentleman sees the gentle white dromedary, he thinks that nothing could be more easy and comfortable for his wife's riding on this hard journey; and he hires both Abdel Hassan and his camels to cross the desert with him.

Six months ago little Gemila would

have been lost in wonder at seeing the white people; but in Cairo she saw, every day, people from Europe and from America, and she recognizes them at once, and stretches out her little brown hand for backsheesh (a present), feeling pretty sure that they will give it.

And now there are great preparations for this desert journey. The women have made crisp abreys, baked in the sun, and plenty of kisras of dhura flour. New water-bags are made of gazelle-skins, and a whole sheep is roasted. Just before they are ready to start, the women of the village hurry into camp with baskets of milk to sell. The heat will soon turn it sour; but in that country sour milk is thought an excellent drink.

This is a part of the desert quite new to Gemila; but her father travelled there many years ago, and knows it well. The sand is gray, instead of yellow; and there are all sorts of odd round stones strewn

everywhere, as if some giants had been playing a game of ball, and had neglected to put away their playthings. If we should break open one of these black balls, we should find it hollow, and filled with bright red sand; though how the sand came there, or the pebbles either, I am at a loss to tell you.

Presently one of the camels runs his head into a kittar-bush for a mouthful of its spiny leaves; and since you know Manenko's wait-a-bit thorn, I will also introduce you to this kittar-bush, which is its own cousin, only twice as strong, and it clutches with such a hold that it ought to have a name meaning, "stop entirely;" and many is the long tear in dress or turban that the kittar-bushes give them before they reach the end of their journey.

Gemila also makes the acquaintance of some monkeys that are found one day, poor, thirsty creatures, digging wells for themselves in the sand — only think how

wise they are; and she sees the tall milkweed plants, with their pretty, silvery fish for seeds; but old Achmet tells her not to touch them, for they are very poisonous, and only the goats can eat them with safety.

They are coming now to the land of wild asses and of guinea-hens. Who was it that had guinea-hens for dinner whenever there was nothing else to be had? Do you think we are near Manenko's country? And after three weary weeks they come, one beautiful evening, again in sight of the river and the villages; and an old sheik hastens out to meet them, and says, "Salaam aleikum" (Peace be with you,") and welcomes them to his hut.

I said they had reached the land of guinea-hens: it also begins to be the land of round houses with pointed roofs; but the houses are of stone, and the roofs only of reeds and straw. A change, too, has come in the weather, a very remark-

able change for our desert people. There is going to be a rainy season! When the first shower comes, our foolish little Gemila stands still in wonder, gets wet through, and the next day lies on her little mat, and begins to feel very ill, so ill that her mother goes to the fakir for some medicine.

Now, we all know that medicine is disagreeable enough to take, but any one of you will take it for the sake of getting well; and you will be interested to know what Gemila's medicine is, and how she takes it.

The old fakir listens to her mother's account of the child's illness; and then he takes down a little board which hangs beside his door, plasters it over with lime, and then writes upon it some words from the Koran, which is the Arab's Bible. When all is finished, he washes it off, plaster, ink, and all, into a gourd cup; and that is the medicine. Very disagreeable indeed, I think; and, what

is worse, I am afraid it won't make her well. I wish she had one of those bitter white powders that Bazunga gave to Manenko. Perhaps the English lady, who always has been kind to the little girl, will be able to help her.

When the mother has waited three days for the fakir's medicine to cure her sick little daughter, and each day she has grown worse instead of better, she goes to the tent outside the village, where the English people are living, and tells the "sity," as she calls her, that poor little Gemila will die if she cannot have some medicine to make her better. And, only think, the "sity" has some of those same bitter powders, and she comes herself to give one to the child, and leaves another to be taken next day; and, although it is a very long time before Gemila can run and play as usual, she begins slowly to recover; and in a week or two she is able to sit by the river, and watch the boys floating on

their rafts of ambatch wood, which is a very safe plaything in the water, for it is lighter than cork. And in the early morning she creeps out to see the beautiful lotus-flowers flash open to the sunlight.

One day a white man's caravan comes into the village: there are camels and donkeys and men from the far south, the mountain country where the great river gathers its waters. The white man's face is as brown as an Arab's, he has travelled so long in the hot sunshine. His men have woolly hair, strangely plaited and matted together, and dressed in such a way as to look like high helmets of thick felt. They are smeared with grease, and adorned with cowrie-shells and bracelets of ivory; and among them is Zungo, the brother of Manenko. You remember a white man came and took him on a journey; and here we find him beside the river Nile, and our little Gemila is looking up at him, and wonder-

ing if he has a little sister at home with woolly hair like his own. Of course she never knew any thing about Manenko; but it happens that at this place Zungo's master is to leave him, or rather send him back to his home; and the English gentleman, who will go southward next month, is very glad to engage him as a servant and interpreter. And now he, for the first time in his life, is paid for his services with money.

You remember what the Bazunga paid him for cutting the wood and making the fires, and afterwards he had a yard of cloth a day when he travelled as interpreter. Now the English gentleman shows him a large round silver piece of money. A picture of a lady's head is on one side, and some figures on the other. What it is worth he don't know at all, but you and I would call it a dollar. When Zungo wants a name for it, he calls it, as the other men do, "the father of buttons;" and when the new master

promises to pay him with just such silver pieces, he soon learns that here at Abou Hammed they will buy food and clothes, and any thing else that he wants, provided only that he has enough of them. He stays a month in the village, for it is not best to start until the heaviest rains are over; and he becomes good friends with Gemila and Alee, as well as with their father.

When the day arrives for the English gentleman's caravan to depart for the south, little Gemila, who is now quite well, and will start with her father to-morrow for her old desert home, brings a big bead, such as the Arabs call a pigeon's egg, and sends it as a present to Manenko, the little sister that she has never seen.

NEW WORK FOR PEN-SE AND LIN.

Do you remember that Pen-se did not always live in the boat on the river? It was in the tea-country among the hills that she was born; and now she is going back again to a place very near her old home; for a letter has come from her uncle in the Hoo-chow country, asking her father to come up and help him upon his silk-farm; and very soon the boat and the ducks are sold to his neighbor Ah-foo, and Kang-hy and his wife, with their three children, are on their way to the Hoo-chow country.

Even the little girl can work on the silk-farm; and you will realize that when you see what a silk-farm is.

Here are rows and rows of low, bushy mulberry-trees; and every morning,

while the leaves are fresh with dew, the two little girls and their mother go out with their baskets to gather them; and we will follow, and see what they do next. We carry our baskets to a bamboo house with curtained windows, standing cool and quiet at the farther side of the field. Kang-hy is there before us; and, when he sees our fresh leaves, he opens the door a little way, and says, "Go in carefully: don't disturb them;" and then he quickly shuts the door, for fear of letting in too much light.

Do you think there is a baby asleep in there, that we must be so quiet? Look about you: there is no baby to be seen; but little trays, something like sieves, are everywhere; and Pen-se is going from one to another, and supplying each with her fresh mulberry-leaves; and presently all around us rises a curious little sound of thousands of little mouths at work munching and munch-

ing. Peep into this nearest tray, and look at the hungry silk-worms having their breakfast. Were there ever busier or greedier eaters? But when one has a great deal of work to do, one must eat to get strength for doing it; and these little worms have each three hundred yards of silk to spin before the month is out. So they eat and grow, and grow and eat, as busily as possible; and when they get too big for their skins, they just take them off, and a new, soft, elastic one comes in place of the old, and gives them a fine chance of growing and growing more and more.

I am sure you have all seen the pretty chrysalides that caterpillars make in the autumn. My children know them well enough; for we had a whole box full last year, and they peopled a butterfly-house in the spring. Sometimes the chrysalides are dry and horny, but once in a while you see a silky one; that is the kind this worm will make, a silky

chrysalis of a pale gold color; and then Pen-se will help to gather them up, and her mother will wind off the silk in beautiful, soft, flossy skeins, and take it to market to sell.

Pen-se likes this work even better than rowing the tanka-boat on the river. She grows fond of the little worms. She is careful to clean out their trays neatly every morning, and give them the best and freshest leaves; and she longs to be old enough to wind off the silk herself. She is tempted to try it; but her mother says, "No, not yet." And I am glad to say that in China little girls do not tease or fret. So Pen-se waits; and in a few days a delightful opportunity comes to her. It is this: Out in the woods, half a mile from the house, she finds some wild silkworms spinning their webs on a mulberry-tree; and she marks the place, and promises herself that in a few days, when the chrysalides are ready, she will come back and take them. So

one day, a week later, she runs to her mother with her little bamboo basket full of wild cocoons, and tells her story of finding them in the woods, and timidly asks, since they are her own, whether she may try to wind them. Her mother is willing; and oh, what a proud, happy little girl she is when she has a skein of silk of her own winding! not so fine and even as her mother's, to be sure, — but wild silk is never the best, — and yet it is strong and useful for some coarser weaving; and, when she has a pound, she may carry it to market and sell it.

Do you wish you lived in a country where you could find wild silk in the woods?

Pen-se is only a little girl, but she has a great deal of hard work to do, especially now that her father cannot have much help from her brother Lin; for Lin is going to school. Can't Pen-se go to school too? No, I am sorry to say that in her country nobody thinks it

best for little girls to learn even reading and writing; and, when you think of it, don't you remember that neither Agoonack, Manenko, nor Gemila ever went to school? But Lin is a boy; and boys must all learn at least reading and writing, if nothing more.

Do you remember the first day you ever went to school? If you do, you will like to hear about Lin's first school-day.

His father looked in the almanac to see what would be a lucky day for a little boy to begin going to school; and when he found in the long list of lucky days, "June 8 is a good day for beginning school," he decided upon that; and early in the morning he provided the child with all that he will need for school.

Do you think he will have a slate and pencil, and a book?

Oh, no! He carries two little candles, some perfumed sticks, and some

little papers of make-believe money: that is all; and walking beside his father, he goes up to the village where the schoolhouse is, and, finding the teacher at the door, Kang-hy makes a low bow, and presents his son. He does not tell the teacher Lin's name; for to-day the boy will have a new name given him, which will be called his book-name; and we shall have to leave off calling him Lin, and begin to call him Li-hoo instead. Isn't that funny?

Now, what will he do with the things he has brought? Do you think they are a present for the teacher? No; for the teacher leads the little boy to a table, where he places the candles and lights them, and then shows the child how to burn his perfumed sticks and his mock money; and all that is done in honor of a great and wise teacher who taught in that country thousands of years ago. As the little boy is to study from the books of that teacher, it is thought

right to perform this service of respect to his memory. And if to you and me it seems like nonsense, we will not laugh at it, but only say, "If he thinks it will please the wise and good teacher, let him do it."

And now the real studying is to begin. Do you know how many letters there are in the alphabet?

"There are twenty-six," says little Georgie.

And do you want to know how many letters there are for this little Chinese boy to learn in his alphabet? Poor child! I pity him, for there are thirty thousand. But, long before he has learned them all, he will be able to read common words and stories; for most of the letters are really whole words, not spelled out as ours are, but a sort of picture-writing. And soon he learns that this letter (○) means the sun; and that if it is made just above a straight line, so (☉), it means the early morning, for

the sun is just above the horizon. This ( ) is a mountain. And some of the others are just as simple and easy to learn; but there are many almost too difficult to think of trying.

After his reading and writing are finished for the day, he learns to repeat this sentence from the book of the wise teacher who lived so long ago: —

"The portrait of a father is a book which teaches a son his duties."

I think I understand that; for I know some little children who love to play in the room where the portrait of their grandfather hangs, and his pleasant face smiles down upon them, helping them to be good and patient in their little trials, and helpful to each other. Perhaps that is what Li-hoo feels when he has learned his sentence, and stands back to the schoolmaster (for that position is considered only proper and polite), and repeats it slowly and carefully, word for word.

Now school is over for the day, and

27854B

Li-hoo turns into Lin again, and runs home to tell his wondering little sister what new things he has learned.

I cannot say whether Pen-se wishes that she, too, could go to school. If she does, she never says any thing about it; for she has never heard of such a thing as girls going to school, and doesn't suppose it possible. But you and I would welcome her to our school, if she came here, wouldn't we?

One day, at the end of the summer, her brother comes home very happy: he has, for the first time, read a story for himself, and at night he repeats it to Pen-se; and I will repeat it for you, that you may see what kind of stories the Chinese children read.

Here it is: —

"There was a boy whose father was so poor that he could not afford to send him to school, but was obliged to make him work all day in the fields to help maintain the family. The lad was so

anxious to learn, that he wished to give up a part of the night to study; but his mother had not the means of supplying him with a lamp for that purpose: so he brought home every evening a glow-worm, which, being wrapped in a thin piece of gauze, and applied to the lines of a book, gave sufficient light to enable him to read; and thus he acquired so much knowledge, that, in course of time, he became a minister of state, and supported his parents with ease and comfort in their old age." Lin is so fond of going to school, that he almost believes he shall be like the boy in this story; and he hopes, at any rate, to take good care of his father and mother in their old age. That is what every child in China means to do, and I hope every child in our own country too.

But we will leave Lin hard at work on his studies, and see what the rest of the family are doing.

Do you know about the wax-makers?

I think I can hear Edith answer, "Oh, yes, the bees!" But I must say, Oh, no: I mean the tiny brown wax-insects that cover themselves, and the tree on which they feed, with fine white wax.

While the women and children have been busy with silk-worms, Kang-hy has gone every day to help another man collect the wax from the wax-trees; and now the time has come for the little wax-insects to lay their very tiny eggs; and these are carefully gathered and packed in leaves, and must be carried to the hatching-trees, which are miles and miles away in quite another part of the country; for, for some curious reason, these little creatures thrive best during their babyhood in one country, and when their wax-working days begin, they want to be carried to another. So the men, having collected a great many packages of eggs, start on a two-weeks' journey to the hatching-trees. If they should travel in the day-time, the heat

of the sun would hatch the eggs before their time; and, on that account, the men have chosen to make the journey at a time when the moon is large, and they can see to travel in the night; and for a whole fortnight they sleep by day, and walk by night. And pleasant walks they are, too, through the beautiful green woods, where the wild azaleas and camellias lift their fair white faces in the moonlight, and the great lantern-flies flash among the dark foliage.

Kang-hy is a very industrious man; and just now he is earning all the money he possibly can for two reasons; very important reasons, both of them, as you will see.

The first is, that a little new baby-boy has been born; and the father who has four children must work harder and earn more than the father who has only three.

Now I must tell you about this little baby, and how he was welcomed, — welcomed with the greatest rejoicings, be-

cause he was a boy; and in China they are more glad to have boys than girls.

When he is a few days old, the father invites all his friends to a feast, and, taking the baby in his arms, holds him up before them all, and gives him a name. At first he thought of calling this child Number Four, for a number is considered as good as a name; but finally he decides upon Chang-fou; and this becomes the baby's pet name, or baby-name, which will last him until he has his school-name, just as Lin had his a few months ago. Then the mother ties his wrists together with a little red string: that is thought to be the way to make him good and obedient; and when he grows big enough to understand, if ever he is naughty, somebody will say to him, "Why, why! did your mother forget to bind your wrists?" Isn't that a funny thing to do?

And now you can imagine how our little Pen-se will spend all her spare

minutes in playing with the baby, and carrying him out to see the beautiful gold and silver pheasants, and the gay rice-birds, and the half-dozen pretty little puppies that she feeds every day with rice, and watches and tends so carefully.

Do you know what she will do with the puppies when they are very plump and fat? Don't you remember that there were fat puppies for sale in the market of the great city by the river where Pen-se used to live? She is really fattening them to sell; for she too, little as she is, must earn money, and help her father.

Now I must tell you the second reason why Kang-hy wants to earn all he can. He has heard of a wonderful country far away over the sea, — a country where the hills and the rivers are full of gold, and where white men and women, such as he sees in the American ships at Canton, have their homes. I am afraid that

some of the things he has heard are not wholly true; but at least it is quite certain that a man or a boy can earn ten times as much money in that distant California, as he can in the rice-fields or the silk-farms of China.

Of course Kang-hy cannot go himself and leave his family behind; but Lin is now almost fourteen years old, and he might be sent, if only enough money could be earned to pay his passage across the wide ocean. It is for that that his father works, and Pen-se saves her silk-money and her puppy-money, and the mother makes little wax candles colored red with vermilion, and carries them to market to sell.

At last they have all together accumulated about ten dollars; and with this they go to the mandarin of the village, and ask him to make arrangements for sending Lin to America. And the mandarin goes to the captain of the American ship, and shows him the money and

the boy, and says, "Can do? No can do?" And the captain answers, "No can do;" and poor Lin turns away disappointed. But he is to go, after all; for there is in the city a company of merchants that has engaged a ship to take seven hundred men and boys who want to go to this new country, and they promise to give Lin a place if he will pay the ten dollars now, and thirty dollars more after he has earned it; and it seems very easy to earn thirty dollars in a country where he will be paid half a dollar a day. At home he only received a few cents.

But there is one thing more to be attended to; his father must write a promise, that, if the boy does not succeed in paying the thirty dollars, he will do it himself. That is a hard promise for Kang-hy to give. It has been so difficult to earn ten dollars, how can he ever earn thirty? But nevertheless he makes the promise, and says, "I will

rather sell my other children to pay it, than not keep my promise, now that it is made."

And so little Lin will leave his father, mother, and sisters and baby-brother, and go alone to a strange country, where the people speak a different language, do not eat with chop-sticks, nor wear braided tails of hair, where the school-children do not recite with their backs to the teacher, and, more surprising than all, where little girls, as well as boys, learn to read and write, and a great deal more besides.

I have said, "where the people speak a different language;" but already Lin has learned a little of that strange language in the odd talk called pigeon-English, which he hears the American sailors talking to the Chinamen of Canton. They seem to think that to put *ey* on the end of a word, will make it more easily understood; and when they speak to a Chinaman, they say *findey* instead

of *find*, and *piecey* instead of *piece*, and *catchey* instead of *catch;* and they have other funny words, to which they give meanings of their own; and since they succeed in understanding each other, perhaps it is very well. But what should you think to hear your papa say, "Catchey some chow-chow, chop-chop," when he only meant to ask Bridget to bring him some breakfast quickly?

This kind of talk may do in Canton, but I don't believe Lin will find it very useful in San Francisco, where he will land in a few weeks.

I can't tell you about the voyage to San Francisco: I am afraid it was very uncomfortable. The boys were crowded together, and they felt homesick and seasick. But such troubles end at last; and so, in time, comes the sunny morning when they sail into the beautiful harbor called the Golden Gate; and the little boy looks out at the long, low hills, with their light-houses, and the beautiful

city lying before him in the sunlight; and he wonders at seeing no tanka-boats, and no people living in duck-boats, as there are in his own country; and then he has no time to wonder any more, for he finds himself on land, and is hurried along with the crowd to the companies' houses, where he will stay until work is found for him.

"What kind of work?" do you ask? There are many kinds of work from which to choose: there is digging at the gold-mines, but that is too hard for a boy so young; and the work on the new railroad is also too heavy for him. He can go to the great laundry to do washing; or, if he prefers, he can go out to service with some family. Poor boy! he is so homesick, that the thought of a family seems almost like a home, and he timidly suggests that he should like that best; so he is sent to the house of Mr. Leighton, who came yesterday to the laundry to look for a boy. When

Mrs. Leighton looks at him, she says, "Oh, you are too little! you are not strong enough to do the work." To which poor Lin, only half understanding her, answers, "Me muchey workey, me wash dish;" and then catching sight of the baby, who lay crowing and kicking on the floor, he added, thinking of his own little baby-brother at home, "Me playey baby, me jumpey he."

So the mother's heart softens towards him, and she says that he may come and try. And pretty soon it happens that little baby Margie begins to delight in Lin more than in any other member of the household. He lets her play with his pig-tail, and sings her little Chinese songs, and talks to her in the funny language which she thinks a perpetual joke. And at last, one day, when her mamma is trying to have her photograph taken to send to her far-away aunties, nobody can keep her still, until Lin, all dressed in his best suit, stands

up and holds her in his arms; and it is their picture which you see at the beginning of this story.

Lin was delighted when he saw his own picture with the "Melican baby;" and Mr. Leighton gave him one of them to send home to his father and mother. So he sat down that evening after his work was done, and wrote the following letter to send to China by the very next mail. I will turn it into our own language for you, as the interpreter did for the white man in Manenko's land.

But first you will be interested to see how Lin is writing his letter. When you write a letter, you begin at the left side of your paper; but he begins at the right, and writes in columns, as you do sometimes in your writing-books. It would puzzle you and me; but his father will know how to read it, and that is the most important thing, isn't it?

MY DEAR AND HONORED FATHER AND MOTHER, – May the light shine upon you.

You will see a picture of your son Lin, holding in his arms a Melican baby. She is a pretty baby, like little Chang-fou; but in the Melican country they do not bind the babies' wrists, so she is sometimes disobedient.

I work every day, wash the dishes, sweep, take care of the baby, and I earn much money. Already I pay ten dollars to the company-man. I will be very industrious. You shall not have to pay.

Last month we celebrated the New Year. Three thousand Chinamen walked in a procession to the Joss-house; and we had feasts, and fireworks, and New-Year's cards. I send my cards to you. (Here were enclosed two slips of red paper printed with strange black Chinese letters, which neither you nor I can read.)

We had a New-Year's week, not a month as at home. And I went for two days, but no more; for I must do my work.

We did not have the new almanacs, as we do at home; but I thought about it, and wondered if the Great Emperor had received his, with its covers of yellow satin in its beautiful golden case, and whether you had bought yours, and were looking into it to see what would be the lucky day for writing me a letter.

My master he asked me one day if I would have my hair cut; but I told him no, not for twenty dollars. Yet I should very much like the twenty dollars.

When I have paid the company, I shall have money to send to you.

When this letter reaches you, I think it must be very near little Chang-fou's birthday.

I wish I could see you all. When I have earned plenty of Melican money, I shall come home to you again, and I will always be your dutiful and obedient son, LIN.

This was Lin's letter; and now we will see how it was received in his home.

It was a pleasant spring day in the Hoo-chow country, and the first mulberry-leaves were coming out. Pen-se and her mother were at work, as we have seen them before; but the little girl was complaining because her winter dress made her so warm.

"Tut, tut!" said her mother, "don't complain: you can't change it, you know, until the emperor's decree comes for putting on spring clothes."

And the little girl, knowing that to be true, tries to think of something else, and forget her discomfort. And there is a pleasant subject to think about; for to-morrow will be little Chang-fou's birthday, and he will be one year old. Already his new cap and first shoes have come as a present from his grandmother, and preparations are making for a simple feast among the friends of the family.

It was very kind for the grandmother to send the cap and shoes, wasn't it? But I must tell you something quite curious about this present. It wasn't only because she wanted to, that she sent the cap and shoes, but because in China it is thought quite necessary that a grandmother should always give just this present, and no other, on the little grandson's first birthday. Now, if she had wanted to bring him a rattle and a jumping-jack, instead of cap and shoes, she couldn't have done it: everybody

would have cried out that it wasn't the proper thing; and if she ventured to ask, "Why?" they would all say, "It must be so, because it always has been so." You and I don't think that is a very good reason, do we? But it is the only answer we shall get in China to many and many of our questions. If you ask, "Why does the great general wear an embroidered tiger on his beautiful silk dress? why does the writer of books wear one of his finger-nails two inches long? and why do the princes have their almanacs covered with red satin and silver, while the emperor's are bound in yellow satin and gold?" to each and every question the Chinese will answer, "It always was so, and therefore it will always be so."

But we must return to the silk-farm and the baby's birthday.

All the friends have assembled, and little Chang-fou is brought in dressed in new clothes. His mother carries him,

and Pen-se walks behind carrying a round sieve in which lie various things. There are writing-materials, — the four precious materials, Kang-hy calls them, — there are little money-scales, books, fruits, pieces of gold and silver, a skein of silk, and some little twigs from a tea-plant.

Don't you wonder what is to be done with them all? See, the sieve is placed on the table, and the laughing baby is seated in it among all the things of which I have just told you. Everybody watches the little fellow to see what he will do; for they think that what business he is to engage in when he grows up is to be decided now by whichever of all these things he first grasps in his little fat hand.

His father would best like to have him a wise man and a writer; but the yellow gloss of the silk attracts him first, and, stretching out his hands for it, he lisps, in his own funny language,

"Pretty, pretty;" and everybody declares that he will be a silk-grower, like his uncle.

And now the bowls of rice are brought in, and the guests sit around the table with their chop-sticks, and sip their little cups of perfumed rice-wine; and in the midst of all the festivity, the postman enters with Lin's letter.

Kang-hy is a proud and happy man when he reads it; and the picture of Lin with the "Melican baby" in his arms is passed from hand to hand, and admired by every one; and one neighbor says to another, "It will be well that we send our sons to this great and rich country over the seas."

Then they all leave the table, and go out with fire-crackers, to finish the entertainment with such a display as we only expect on Fourth of July.

Pen-se doesn't care much for the fire-crackers: she has heard and seen them almost every day since she was

born; but she has stolen away into a corner, and laid her cheek against the pretty face of the "Melican baby." She thinks she should love that little stranger. Perhaps she is a little sister too.

CAN THE LITTLE BROWN BABY DO ANY THING?

SHE is hardly more than a baby. Do you remember her little swinging bed in the tree, and her birds and flowers and butterflies?

What can such a baby do? I am sure she can't work.

Yes, she is a little creature; but she shall have a little chapter, too, of her own.

Sometimes when we are doing our little work quietly, and not supposing that anybody but those who are nearest us knows or cares or is helped by it, we find that really we have been doing a service for unknown friends far away whom we have never even seen; and

this is what our brown baby is going to do.

She plays in the forest just as she used to; she gathers flowers, and chases butterflies; but one morning, after she has been to the cow-tree with her cocoa-nut bowl to get some milk for breakfast, and has had her bath in the stream, and her roll on the grass, she sees her mother walking slowly through the wood, looking carefully on this side and on that, to find the kina-trees, with their yellow bark; and even this little girl, who is now but five years old, shows us that she can work as well as play, and begins to pull off the curled bark, and bring the bits to her mother to see if they are of the right kind. And at last, down in the hot valley she finds a beautiful evergreen-tree, with fragrant white blossoms something like the white lilac; and she runs to call her mother to see the pretty sight. But no sooner does the mother look at the beautiful tree, than she hur-

ries back to call the men, who come with their axes to cut it down; for it is a true kina-tree, and will yield many drums of bark.

And while the men are carefully stripping the great trunk and large boughs, the little girl works busily at the slender branches, and soon has her basket full of curly strips ready for drying.

"But," you ask, "what is all this for, and how is it to be a help to anybody?"

Do you remember the time when Manenko had a fever, and the Bazunga gave her a white powder? and when Gemila, too, was ill, and the English lady brought her also the same bitter powder? Where do you suppose they got that medicine?

Probably they bought it at a druggist's in some city.

But where did the druggist get it?

Ah, we never thought of that! Where did he, indeed?

Why, that bitter powder is made from

this very bark that the brown baby is so carefully pulling from the boughs; and her country is the only country in the world where it grows. Now, only think what a kind service she has done for her two sisters, Gemila and Manenko, whom she has never seen nor heard of.

She doesn't travel, and take long journeys, as some of the other children do. She can only do her little work in her own home, and then send it away in ships far over the seas to distant countries; but when her drum of kina-bark is taken to Arica for shipment, there is another great package of something prettier than bark, that goes with it; and you will see, by and by, to which of the seven sisters this will come.

There is a pretty little squirrel-like animal with the softest of gray fur. If the brown baby had any pets, or any place in which to keep them, I am sure she would want one of these little chinchillas; but no doubt it is happier in its

free forest-home, than it would be in any little house, however fine, with which you or I could provide it; and as for the brown baby, who has no house for herself, she, of course, has none for any thing else. And yet the gentle creature living in its burrow, and sitting at its little doorway in the sun, is a great pleasure and entertainment to the child, whenever she climbs up the hill-side far enough to come to chinchilla-town; for it is almost as much of a little town as are the prairie-dog towns of which you have sometimes heard; and, in fact, the prairie-dog is a cousin of this same little gray chinchilla.

Our baby watches them with their tails curled up over their backs like squirrels', and sees them scamper into their underground houses when she comes too near; and she is sorry, and so am I, when her father catches as many of them as he can, that he may pack their pretty skins in great bundles, and

send them away with the drums of bark to be sold.

Perhaps some of you will have chinchilla muffs and caps made from these same little skins: so they will be a present from brown-baby land.

Do you want to know how all these packages of bark and fur are carried down to the ships at the seashore?

They have neither horses nor carts, as in our country, for the mountain-roads are too steep for such travel; but the packages are loaded on the backs of the gentle llamas, who can step lightly and safely down the steepest paths; and just as our men are ready to start with their loaded animals, the mountain-train from the silver-mines comes into sight, winding slowly down the narrow path along the hillside.

Did you think I meant a train of cars? Oh, no! it was a train of llamas, with their small, graceful, erect heads, and their slender legs. How gallantly their

leader moves in front, with his gayly-embroidered halter, and pretty little streamer floating from his head! And the others all follow in single file down the slope, carrying their burdens so carefully that they scarcely seem to need the care of the drivers, who clamber along behind them. But, when one poor tired little animal suddenly lies down by the roadside, see how quickly his Indian master shows both love and care for him! He kneels beside him, pets and caresses him, and comforts him with tender words, just as Gemila and Alee pet their father's black horse; and at last the llama struggles again to his feet, and follows his companions, who are almost out of sight. They are all loaded with silver from the mountain mines; and when they have left it at the seaport, they will carry back salt for the mountain people.

The little fur and bark train joins the silver train, and all go together down to

the ships that are waiting for their loads. And the little brown baby watches them out of sight, and then goes back to her play and her work, and does not dream that she has sent any thing to Manenko or to Gęmila, or to any other of those far-away, unknown sisters.

CHRISTMAS-TIME AGAIN FOR LOUISE.

You all remember the beautiful Christmas-time in the happy home by the river Rhine, and the long, hard journey afterwards to the new home in the Western forest.

Do you want to go with me now, and take a peep at Louise and Fritz, and Gretchen and little Hans?

We left them in a log house, didn't we? But see: they have now built a larger and more comfortable one; not like the beautiful old home by the Rhine, but simple almost as the log one, only it has more rooms, better fireplaces, and more convenient furniture.

Louise and Gretchen have a little room to themselves; and last summer a morning-glory vine climbed all about their

window, and opened its lovely blossoms to the morning sun. Up in that room to-day Louise sits down by the sunny window to think for a minute. She has just made her bed, and put her room in order, and in five minutes more she ought to be down stairs sweeping the little sitting-room: besides, there is another reason for not stopping long; for this November day, even if the sun does shine, it is not warm enough in that fireless room for any one to sit still long.

What do you suppose she is thinking about? What do you begin to think about when November is almost gone, and December is coming? "Christmas, Christmas!" I hear all the little voices answering. Yes, that is what Louise is thinking about. She is not wondering what she will have in her stocking, nor what she shall buy for papa and mamma, or all the brothers and sisters; but the question has popped itself into her head: "Could I, could I, make a little Christ-

mas-tree, such as we used to have at home by the beautiful river Rhine, — a Christmas-tree to surprise them all?" And she is sitting down for just a minute to think how it would be possible to do this without telling any one of the family.

But to this difficult question no answer presents itself, and she mustn't linger when there is so much work to be done. So with the sense of a delightful secret in her mind, she runs down to sweep the sitting-room, while Gretchen amuses little Hans in one corner of the kitchen, and her good mother puts the bread into the pans, and sees that the oven is ready for baking.

Sometimes I believe our best thoughts come when we are busiest; and I don't wonder that Louise gave a little jump for joy in the midst of her work, when it suddenly occurred to her that Jeannette, the little neighbor who had come last year to live at the nearest farm,

would help her, and that Jeannette's tall brother Joseph would certainly bring them a tree from the woods.

Now, I know that she wants to put on her hat, and run over to Jeannette's house to ask her about it at once; but she can't do that, or who will mend the stockings, and set the dinner-table, and wash the dishes, and sweep the kitchen floor when all is done? So she works on, singing softly to herself, although she hardly knows what she is singing until her mother says, "What makes you so happy, dear? and why do you sing the Christmas hymn?"

Louise laughs, and answers, "Why, was I singing the Christmas hymn? I didn't know it."

It is three o'clock, and at last the day's work is finished; and, "Mother, may I take my sewing, and go to Jeannette's?" asks Louise. And there is such a tone of satisfaction in the child's words, that her mother looks up at her,

glad to see her so happy, and says, "Certainly."

Jeannette lives in a log house hardly better than the one in which we left Louise when you knew her long ago. But Joseph has made some comfortable benches, and one with a very high back that stands always beside the fireplace, and is called the settle. Into the corner of this settle cuddle the two little girls; and it isn't many minutes before Jeanette is as happy as Louise over the delightful secret.

Jeannette has no little brothers and sisters to surprise on Christmas; but she already loves Gretchen and Fritz and Hans, and she enters into the plan most heartily. Of course Joseph will get the tree: Joseph will do any thing for his little sister; and, if there is time, he will also make some little toys of wood to put upon it. And Jeannette herself can help in a delightful way, for she can do something that few little girls of my

acquaintance knew how to. Shall I tell you what it is?

Her father and brothers began two months ago, after their grain was harvested, to dig a cellar for the new house that they mean to build in the spring. In digging out the earth, they came to a bed of red and brown clay, not very hard, and just sticky enough for moulding into shape. At first the children played with it in a rough way, making balls, and sometimes dishes or pans; but one day Jeannette patted into shape a little cat that looked so much like her own cat Sandwich, that all the children exclaimed at it with delight; and, lest it should crumble to pieces, she set it in a warm place in the chimney-corner, and baked it until it was hard. From that day Jeannette spent all her play-time in the clay-bed; and sometimes it was the old shepherd dog who sat for his picture with a grave face, and a tail that wanted to wag, but wouldn't, as if he knew

what it was all about, and was keeping still on purpose. Sometimes it was Bossy, or Brindle, or Cowslip, on their way home from pasture; and at last, when her hands grew skilful with much practice, she tried the shy antelopes that would not stop half a minute to be looked at.

And now Jeannette is planning just what she will make for each one; and Louise, who has not such skilful hands but just as loving a heart, is trying to think what there is that can be made without costing any money at all.

There are different kinds of presents in the world, you know. Some of them have cost a great deal of money; and some have cost a great deal of love, and thought, and work. This last is the kind I like best myself, and this is the kind that Louise must make. Every day while she is about her work, her mind is actively thinking, thinking always; and first one thing suggests itself, and then another.

"If we had a feather-duster, how convenient it would be to brush off the ashes!" said her mother one day, when a fresh log of wood thrown on to the fire set the ashes flying even up to the high mantle-shelf; and the little girl could hardly help exclaiming, "O mother! I will make you one for Christmas;" for it quickly flashed into her head, that the yard was strewn with turkey-feathers, and why wouldn't they make a good duster?

It is easier to plan than to execute. But that same afternoon she picked up all the longest and best of the feathers, — the stouter, stiffer ones for the middle part of the brush, and plenty of soft, downy, fluffy ones for the outside. Jeannette's brother Joseph whittled out a smooth, pretty handle for her, with a notch near the end, so that she could tie her feathers firmly on; and she worked all her spare time for two days before they were tied on evenly and well; and

even then the ends stuck up clumsily around the handle, and she couldn't think what would make it look any better.

Now somebody is going to help her. Who can it be? A little far-away sister whom she has never seen.

Do you remember how carefully Pense tended the silk-worms, and gathered up the cocoons, and learned to wind off the silk? Some of that very silk has been woven into a pretty blue ribbon,— a ribbon that the kind cousin Mr. Meyer bought in New York, and sent in a letter, that Louise might have, as he said, —

"A bunch of blue ribbons,
To tie up her bonnie brown hair."

That night, after Louise is in bed and almost asleep, she suddenly thinks, "Why, I will tie a piece of my blue ribbon round the ends of the feathers, and that will finish it off beautifully!" So, the next day, the feather-duster was

finished, — the first present of all; and it was marked, "*Liebe Mutter*" ("Dear mother"), and was hidden away in a little chest down at Jeannette's house; for it would spoil every thing to have it seen before the time.

But do you think that Louise is the only one who has remembered that Christmas is coming?

If the little girl had not been so busy herself, and so anxious to get away into some obscure corner to do her work unobserved, she would certainly have noticed that her mother had a curious way of slipping something into a drawer which she shut quickly when any of the children came in; and she might also have wondered what Christian was scribbling at so busily at his corner of the table in the evening; but, when Christmas-time is near, you should not ask too many questions, and you should not be surprised at very mysterious answers.

"Dear Christian," said Louise one

day, when she saw her brother preparing to go to town with a load of wood, "if mother can spare me, may I go with you?" Louise had an idea in her head, and she wanted very much to get, in the town, some materials wherewith to carry it out; and the chance to ride there on the load of wood was delightful. Her mother was willing and glad to have her go, but hesitated a minute over the old worn hat and shabby little sack; then suddenly she exclaimed, "Why, the dear child shall wear my eider-down pelisse."

Who remembers the bag of eider-down that Agoonack's mother brought to the Kudlunahs in exchange for needles and thread? Didn't this warm garment come from Agoonack's land, or from some other land very much like it?

It was a curious old garment, this pelisse. Perhaps you never heard of a pelisse; but I can remember, when I was a child, an old lady who had just such

a pelisse as this. It was made of silk, and wadded with eider-down; and it was as soft and warm and light as a bird's coat of feathers. It was a garment like this that Louise's mother now took out from one of those great linen-chests that you remember, and she wrapped it carefully about her little daughter. It reached almost to her feet, and the sleeves covered her hands. "But you will be all the warmer for that," said the *liebe Mutter*.

Christian has prepared for her a cosey seat among the logs, and away they go. It is rather a hard and uneven road; but the snow has improved it, and the heavy runners of the wood-sled make smooth, broad tracks over the as yet unbroken way.

It is a great pleasure to Louise to go to the town. When one stays at home day after day, and week after week, the change of seeing a new place is very delightful; and Louise has rarely been

even to the town, and only once has she taken a journey since she first came to America: that was the journey to New York with her father, when he went on business, and happened to be just in time to welcome the cousin home from his long, strange voyage on the ice-island.

But what can Louise get to-day in the town without money?

Perhaps you thought she was going to buy a little steam-engine for Fritz, and a wax doll for Gretchen. Not at all. You will hardly imagine what she can do with the little scraps of black kid and white that she has timidly begged of the old shoemaker, who was about to throw them away.

This old shoemaker, with his spectacles pushed up on his forehead, and his leather apron tied round his waist, had always been kind to Louise ever since her father took her to his shop last summer to be measured for a pair of shoes.

He had looked at the little worn shoe that she took off, and had said inquiringly, "That shoe is not made in this country?" — "No," answered the father, "that shoe came from Germany;" and the old man laid his rough hand caressingly over the worn leather, and answered, "I, too, came from the fatherland; but it is now more than fifty years since I saw the Rhine."

That made them friends at once; and when the little girl in her long pelisse appeared to-day at his door, old Hans Stoker pushed back his spectacles, and smiled with pleasure. And in response to her timid question about the scraps of leather, he pulled forward an old box full, and said heartily, "Help yourself, my little lady, help yourself: they are all at your service."

Louise chose long, narrow strips, four of them white, and four black; but while she was busy over the box, old Hans had opened the drawer under his

bench, and, after measuring and calculating a minute over a pretty piece of red morocco, he cut off two or three corners and bits of that, and, tossing them into the box, said, "They would go in to-morrow at any rate: so let them go to-day instead, and take them if you like, my dear."

Louise started with pleasure; and in the joy of her heart she looked up in the old wrinkled face, and decided to tell him her Christmas secret.

"I am going to make a ball for my baby brother. It is to be a Christmas present, and I don't want any one to know. It was going to be only black and white, but the red stripes will make it just lovely. I thank you so much for them!"

The kind old man was as pleased as a child would be with the little plan; and he offered to cut the leather for her with his knife, if she could tell him how she wanted it done: so presently they to-

gether contrived a paper pattern of a long piece tapering at both ends, like the pieces we sometimes take off in peeling an orange; and the shoemaker promised to cut them while Louise went with Christian to buy yarn for her mother. On their return, he came out to the sled with a neat little package all ready for her.

"What have you bought of the shoemaker?" asked Christian as they drove away, while Louise looked back to nod and smile at the friendly old face in the doorway of the little shop.

"I didn't buy any thing," she answered, "but questions are not good at Christmas time;" and she looked up into his face, and laughed.

Christian laughed too; and then they both became so lost in Christmas thoughts, that neither of them spoke for a long time. Just before the lights in their own windows came in sight, Louise said, "Don't tell anybody that I

went to the shoemaker's." — "Trust me for that," said Christian, stooping to kiss her red lips; and in another minute they were at the door.

Now, what do you suppose the *liebe Mutter* had been doing all day long? There had been work enough, you may be sure; but little Gretchen was anxious to fill her sister's place as well as she could, and to save the dear mother as much work as possible; and Hans had a pile of blocks on the kitchen floor, and built houses and castles all the morning: and so it was that the mother found time to take out of the great chest the pretty chinchilla muff that she had brought with her across the seas, because it had been a Christmas present years ago from her own dear mother.

But what is she going to do with the muff? She, too, has a Christmas thought; and her skilful fingers will obey that thought, and make out of the muff a pretty chinchilla cap for Louise, — just

such a cap as I had when I was a little girl. Before the children have come home, it is finished, and safely hidden away. So you see a good deal of Christmas work was accomplished on that day.

Louise kept her package of kid in her pocket. It was only when she went up to bed, and found Gretchen fast asleep, that she ventured to open it. There were four beautiful pieces of red, and as many of the black and the white. It wasn't many days before the pretty ball was finished, and stuffed with lamb's wool. It was a beauty. Can't you imagine how it looked, and how pleased little Hans will be with it?

But if I tell you all beforehand, you won't enjoy the surprise of the tree half so much. I must leave a great deal untold, and take a long leap over to the day before Christmas.

Just one thing I will let you have a peep at, — a box which arrived by express at the town, ten miles away, and

was brought over by Jeannette's brother Joseph, who left it down at his house, and came up and told Louise's father privately, for he imagined it might have something to do with Christmas. Don't you remember the uncles that they left in the old home by the Rhine, — the uncles who wanted Christian to stay with them, when his father decided to go away? They are good, kind uncles, and they remember Christmas time. Perhaps you will hear more of that box when the right time comes.

The day before Christmas, — what a busy day that was!

"May I have the sitting-room all to myself, all day, dear mother?" asked Louise, early in the morning. Her mother looked surprised. She had guessed that the child was making presents of some kind, but the attempt to have a tree had not entered into her head. She wisely did not say a word about it, although she now felt quite sure of her little daughter's plan.

Jeannette came over; there was a mysterious consultation; and finally a strange and bulky bundle covered with a bedquilt was hurried into the room, and the door was quickly closed. Louise came out for a small wash-tub; Jeannette carried in a basket of bricks almost too heavy for her to lift. If you had listened outside the door, you would have heard many "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" but at last a little cry of delight, and, "There! it stands perfectly firm. Isn't it a beauty?"

You, dear children, know just as well as I do, how many mysterious runnings up and down stairs there were, and slippings in and out of that door. But you and I can't come in until the rest of the company do. We can only look with great curiosity at Louise, as she comes out, about four o'clock, with flushed cheeks and smiling eyes, locks the door, and puts the key in her apron-pocket with an air that shows us that her work is done, and well done too.

Coming to her mother, who throws her white apron over her work as soon as the child approaches, she says, "Mother dear, when we lived at home by the Rhine, we always did something at Christmas time to make people poorer than ourselves happy. There is little Maggie O'Connell down at the new house in the clearing, and she has neither brother nor sister to help her keep a merry Christmas. May we ask her to come and keep it with us this evening?"

The mother smiled to see that it was the same Christmas spirit, independent of wealth or gifts, that shone in her little daughter's face. A Christmas spirit can come even without a Santa Claus. But perhaps Santa Claus has been here too.

So Louise pinned her shawl over her head, and ran down to the clearing for Maggie.

In Maggie's house there were Christmas candles, but no tree; and no other children than the lonely little Maggie,

whose two little sisters had died of fever a year ago. And her mother blessed Louise, who had come in a sister's place to try to make Christmas merry for her child.

It was almost dark when the two children reached the house, and Maggie was left in the kitchen with the little ones, while Jeannette and Louise, with an air of great importance, unlocked the sitting-room door, and went in. It wasn't more than two minutes before they threw open the door, and called to the expectant company that all was ready.

Don't laugh at the little tree standing in a wash-tub, and supported by bricks. Don't laugh at the three lanterns, — common stable lanterns, — that are hung among its branches in an attempt to illuminate it. Don't laugh at any thing, but think only of all the love, and the hard work, and the long planning, that have gone into the preparation of this Christmas-tree; and then it will seem

beautiful to you, as it does to me, and did to all that happy little company when they saw before them the Christmas surprise on which those two little girls had employed themselves for the last month.

There were plenty of festoons of popped corn, and there were little tufts of white feathers, relieving here and there the dark green of the foliage; but, strictly speaking, it wasn't very brilliant; and, instead of revealing all its beauties at once, it disclosed them slowly, and, indeed, some of them could only be found and carefully taken off by the very same fingers that had carefully tied them on.

You would have laughed with pleasure to see all the pretty animals that Jeannette had made; for each member of the family, his or her favorite animal. Here was old Major, the horse, made in the character of a paper-weight; Gretchen's white kitty, and Fritz's dog;

and, to the great surprise of Louise, a little brown owl for her.

I haven't told you how Louise had made from pasteboard a pretty chintz-covered armchair for her little sister's doll, and knitted warm wristers for Fritz and Christian.

Her father's present had been the hardest to make, or rather to plan, until one day her watchful ears caught the words, "There ought to be some safe place beyond the reach of little Hans for keeping the newspapers." You see newspapers were rare and precious in that Western home.

Now, if you look under that low bough of the Christmas-tree, you will see the pretty birch-bark newspaper-holder, with a bit of the Pen-se ribbon tied in to hang it by; and I think you and I can imagine how pleased her father is to see that his little girl has taken such thoughtful notice of his wishes.

But you know there are other presents

besides those that the children have made. We have already heard of the chinchilla cap; and for each of the other children the good mother has contrived to produce some little treasure from her old-time stores. A white apron with pockets for Gretchen, — she had always wanted pockets, — new red mittens for Fritz, and a picture-book pasted on cloth for Hans. His father had made a pretty sled of chestnut wood for Fritz; and he had unpacked treasures for all from the box that the uncles had sent from the Rhineland. And suddenly the tree began to produce fruits that Louise and Jeannette had not dreamed of; for both father and mother had entered heartily into the fun, and, hastily bringing out treasures from their hiding-places, tied them on to the tree, and as quickly took them off to distribute among the happy children.

There was a little writing-desk for Louise. Peep into it, and see its treas-

ures, — the ivory-handled knife and paper-cutter, the pens and the paper, — every thing in order. I am sure you remember where the ivory came from; but do you suppose that Louise knows any thing about Manenko, from whose land it came? or did the little dark-skinned Manenko dream that the ivory tusks carried on her father's shoulders were going to help make a Christmas present for a fair-faced little sister thousands of miles away?

Then there were books, and pictures too, just in the right time, for now they have walls whereon to hang them: the log walls of last year hardly afforded a place.

"It begins to seem like our old home," said the mother, as she looked at the beautiful old familiar picture from which the Madonna and Child had smiled down upon her when she was a little girl. It had been hard to part with that when they came away from the Rhineland;

and now it had been saved, and sent back to her.

Presently Louise spied a little white card fluttering at the end of a branch; and, pulling it down, she read from it the verses that Christian had been writing on one of those busy evenings when no one asked the other, "What are you doing?"

He had ornamented a plain white card with a border of delicate-colored lines; written on the back these loving words, "For my dear brothers and sisters," and on the other side the following little verses: —

"We bear the Christmas message
Brought us so long ago.
Why have the centuries kept it fresh?
Why do we prize it so?

Because it is rich with the gold of love
That with bright, exhaustless flow,
From unfailing source in the heart Divine,
Supplies our hearts below.

And it tells of a tender human bond,
Since ever the world began,
For it teaches the Fatherhood of God,
The brotherhood of man.

But how can we carry the tidings,
Make each word as living and true
To the poor, the oppressed, and the lonely,
As they are to me and to you?

Let them shine in thought, in word, in deed,
As we work out the heavenly plan;
And, blessed by the Fatherhood of God,
Prove the brotherhood of man."

This Fatherhood could not leave them wherever they might go; and I am glad that they felt their brotherhood and sisterhood, even so far away there in the Western world. It was that that made them so happy, I think.

Have you all the time forgotten little Maggie, who had come as a guest to the Christmas-tree?

Weren't there any presents for her? Yes, indeed there were. Louise had taken the last bit of her blue ribbon,

folded it in a white paper, and written upon it, "A merry Christmas for Maggie." Jeannette had run home to look over her box of clay figures, and had chosen the prettiest little cow among them to mark with Maggie's name. And the thoughtful mother had taken the last new apron she had finished for Louise, and put it on the tree for the little neighbor.

It was a merry Christmas all round, wasn't it? It ended with music from Christian's violin, and then a hearty voice outside the window sung a merry mountain-song. That must have been Joseph.

I wonder if they would have been any happier if they had been dressed in silk instead of calico, and had had a tree loaded with the richest presents.

Do you see that the seven little sisters are finding each other, sending each other presents, sometimes even without

knowing it, and doing for each other many little services such as sisters are always glad to do?

Agoonack has learned from the Kudlunah, Manenko from the Bazungu, that, in this great wide world, there are many kinds of children, but that one loving Father takes care of them all.

Do you see that it has always been a white man who has brought them this knowledge of each other? It was the white captain that brought Agoonack to New York. It was the good Bazungu that carried the brown baby's medicine to the little sick Manenko; and it was the English lady who brought the same to our poor little Arab Gemila, who would have died if she had taken nothing but the fakir's curious draught.

It was an American ship that took the silk that Pen-se had wound off the cocoons, and carried it to the ribbon-weavers, who made the blue ribbon for Louise.

Most of you, dear children, who read

this book, are children of the white man's part of our Father's great family. And yet I hope some little dark-faced sisters may read it too. But to us of the white race, some gifts have been given which as yet are not shared by our dark-skinned sisters.

You remember that neither Manenko, nor Gemila, nor Pen-se, nor Agoonack, can read. No schools for them, no books, and nothing of all the happiness that comes to you through books. Think of it; not only in that respect, but in others besides, you have had more and greater gifts than they.

Now consider what you would do, if some day, when you were at home with your brothers and sisters, a great bountiful basket of presents should come for you, and nothing for them.

I am sure I know what would be your first thought. And if, in the wider family of the world, you see yourself with gifts of knowledge or of happiness beyond

those of your neighbors, you will know what to do.

But do not think that these little sisters have done nothing for you.

Did not Gemila's caravan carry the gum? Did not Agoonack's father build the snow-houses and kill the seals, without which the white men would have died? And did not Manenko's people bring the great tusks of ivory? Does not Pen-se tend the silk-worms carefully and well, and so have silk to make ribbons and dresses for you and your mammas?

They each work faithfully and well in their own way; and faithful work, be it the work of the wisest man or of a little child, is never wasted or lost.

They are all helping each other, as loving sisters should; and perhaps some day they will meet, and will realize how each in her own little way has done some service for the others.

VOCABULARY

SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS

PART II

PRONUNCIATION.—ā, ē, ī, ō, ū, as in *fate, mete, site, rope, tube;* ȧ, ĕ, ĭ, ŏ, ŭ, as in *hat, met, bit, not, cut;* ä, ë, ï, ö, ü, as in *far, her, fir, nor, cur;* ạ, ẹ, ị, ọ, ụ, as in *mental, travel, peril, idol, forum;* ēē, as in *feet;* ôô, as in *hoot;* öû, as in *bough;* ôû, as in *croup;* çh, as in *chaise.*

Abdel, Äb′-del.
Abreys, Äb′-rīs.
Abou, Ä′-böû.
Achmet, Ak′-met.
Agoonack, A-gôôn′-ack.
Ah Fou, Ah′ Föû′.
Alee, Ä′-lēē.
Aleikum, Ä-lēēk′-ôôm.
Ambatch, Äm′-bätk.
Arica, Är′-ē-cạ.
Backsheesh, Băck-shēēsh.
Bruin, Brū′-ĭn.
Buzungu, Bôô-zôông′-gôô.
Cairo, Kī′-rō.
Cha, Chä.
Chilobe, Çhe-lō-bā′.
Chang-foo, Chang′-fôô′.
Chrisalides, Kris-al′-i-dēs.
Dom, Dôôm, a palm-tree.
Dhura, Dôô′-ra.
Eider, Ī′-der
El Bahr, El′ Bahr′.
Esquimau, Es′-kē-mō.
Esquimaux, Es′-kē-mō.
Fakir, Fä-kĭr′.
Gretchen, Gret′-hyen.
Gemila, Jem′-ẹ-lạ.
Hoo-chow, Hôô-chow.
Henak, Hĕn′-äk.
Igloe, Ig′-l-ōẹ, a hut.
Jean, Jēēn.
Jeannette, Jẹn-nĕt′.
Kabobo, Ka′-bō-bō.
Kang-hy, Kang′-hī′.
Mandarin, Măn-dạ-rēēn′.
Manenko, Măn-ĕnk′-o.

Maunka, Mä-ôônk′-ạ.
Metek, Mē′-tēk.
Meyer, Mī′-ẹr.
Mosamela, Mō-sam′-ẹ lạ.
Motota, Mō-tō′-tä.
Nalegak Soak, Nä′-lē-găk Sō′-äk.
Nannook, Nan′-nôôk.
Oomiak, Ôô′-mē-äk.
Petele, Pĕt′-ẹ-lē.
Pen-se Pen′-se.
Pelisse, Pẹ-lēs′.
Pemican, Pĕm′-ĭ-cạn.
Poola, Pôô′-lä.
Puseymut, Pôô′-sē-môôt.
Salaam, Sạ-läm′.
Sana, Sä′-nạ.
Sekomi, Sē-ko′-mẹ.
Sheik, Shēēk.
Shobo, Shō′-bo.
Sipsu, Sip′-sôô.
Sity, Sē′-ty.
Tanka, Tank′-ạ.
Tye, Ti.
Tsetse, Tset′-sẹ, an insect.
Yambo, Yam′-bo.
Zungo, Zôông′-go.

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